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SEPTEMBER 27, 1947

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And Then HE WENT AWAY

By THELMA STRABEL

ENDING of the war has brought MARGRIT KROLLER, American-born Swiss, no peace of mind, but torturing anxiety as to the fate of the man she loves, "Mac," a crashed American airman whom she helped to evade internment. He had asked her to marry him, but now she has had no further word from him.

When BILL ANTHONY, a sergeant on leave from the American Occupation Army, tries to "pick her up" she is deeply annoyed, and, to spite him, takes him home to spend a dull evening with her mother and CONRAD KROLLER, her stepfather. Piqued himself, Bill kisses her angrily when he leaves.

Learning after his departure that their visitor was a stranger, Kroller becomes agitated, and Margrit, with the dog Peter, goes out for a walk to calm her tense irritation.

Now read on:—

CONRAD KROLLER was in the library again, working with the door closed, when Margrit returned from her walk. She removed her snowy wraps and went upstairs. The door of her mother's room was open, and her mother was standing by the windows that opened on her balcony, brushing her hair.

"Is it still snowing?" she called.

"A little." Margrit stepped into the doorway. "So much snow," her mother said, and she shivered as she said it. "And oh, this cold house!"

During the war there hadn't been enough coal to heat private houses, because Switzerland had no coal of its own. Even now the shortage was still acute. The Krollers wore heavy suits and sweaters in the house, and thick-soled felt slippers that came up high and fastened like goloshes.

"It isn't so cold to-night," Margrit said. "It's always cold, cold, cold. Creeping into your blood corpuscles and the marrow of your bones." Then her mother gave a deprecatory laugh, as though she hadn't meant the violence in her voice. She stared out of the window. "The snow is ending. See, the moon is coming out."

Beyond the chalet on this side there was a level yard, then a cliff rose steep and sheer. At its top stretched another levelled footpath on which stood the home of their one neighbor, Dr. Anton Ruegg. It was a square, modern house with large windows facing the view. It was placed at the front of the lot.

At the rear was a small, unused gardener's house that perched close to the edge of the cliff directly opposite the Kroller chalet. Its single window looked down into their windows. Margrit crossed the room to stand beside her mother.

"There's a lot of snow piled up behind that little house," she observed.

"When the Bocklins lived up there, they had a gardener, but he wouldn't stay in the garden house in winter," her mother recalled. "He was afraid of the possibility of snow and rock slides. That's really a mountain rising up there right behind and beyond that building."

"There was a slide once." Margrit slipped her arm around her mother's waist. "Remember? It just missed that cottage and came down and buried our dog-house at Christmas-time. That was the year Father had Glarner make those skis to order for me."

She remembered with what care he had selected the wood himself, and how he had taken them to ski at St. Moritz. How genial he had been then, and how interested.

"He's been a very generous stepfather to you. We must be very grateful," her mother said. Then she began talking quickly about the sergeant, taking up her brush again and brushing her dark hair with quick little strokes, and looking very young in her round-collared robe.

"That sergeant certainly doesn't say very much. There's something appealing, though, behind his stiffness. He has an intelligent, sensitive face and very finely shaped hands—did you notice? But you sense a curious bitterness about him, as though he had been hurt very much some time, and had wrapped himself in protective layers."

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For a moment, they regarded one another uneasily, then the strange young man said, "You bet I'm an American."

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Leonard James Green

ONE WEAK LINK

By MARK SOMMERS

GRANT drove his black convertible steadily on through the streaming rain. He started to curse the foul weather, and then reflected that, after all, it had helped, reducing the risk of anyone in search of fresh air witnessing . . . Well, no one had, anyway.

Furthermore, accidents did happen on nights such as this, he reasoned, particularly when the victim had consumed one over the eight.

He lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply, and the glare reflected back from the chromium dashboard revealed the hard but rather handsome face of a man approaching forty. Dark hair surmounted a forehead on which glistened tiny beads of perspiration.

By now he felt pleased, even elated. Thompson was dead, as he well deserved to be.

The whole thing had been so ridiculously easy when he thought about it. He had his story to tell—a story to satisfy the most inquisitive of policemen. It had been conceived after a careful and prolonged study of Thompson's habits and movements, and to-night, with Gwen away, he had put it into operation.

All unsuspecting, Thompson had stopped his car at the crest of the long hill leading to his cliff-top home in answer to Grant's shout and flashing torch. He'd wound down the window and put his head out as Grant had hoped he would.

"What's the matter?" he'd inquired in a tipsy voice. "What's . . . Oh, it's you, Grant. What do you mean . . ." and gurgled horribly as Grant twisted his neck around the door-pillar.

With Thompson dead at the wheel, his subsequent manipulation to get the car into the required position had been rather horrible, certainly, but it had actually not been very many minutes before he had leapt

from the moving vehicle and watched as it ran on backwards down the sharp slope from the road, gathering momentum that carried it crashing through the fence, to hurtle like a huge, ungainly bird to the jagged rocks one hundred feet below.

Then Grant had hurried to his own concealed car, and for five minutes had sat in it motionless. But the urgent need to get away from the spot had taken hold of his senses, and he'd forced himself to concentrate on the next part of his plan, the drive to town, and the report of a bad accident to the police.

Better not to phone, he had decided, far better to play the part of the distressed neighbor and golfing associate and essay the ten mile run to tell the story personally.

They'd ask how he knew it was Thompson's car, of course. Well, Thompson had passed him a mile back, driving fast, as was his usual habit. Thompson had several convictions for speeding, and only seven days ago had been bound over on a drunken driving charge.

Thompson wouldn't do any more drinking now, and he wouldn't make love any more to his wife, or anyone else's wife. With these thoughts coursing through his mind Grant felt better, and his self-possession rapidly returned.

He wondered what Gwen would say when she returned from the country and learned of Thompson's death. But, of course, she'd see it in the newspapers. She wouldn't suspect his complicity, she couldn't, and things would revert to the old order that had existed before Jeff Thompson came into their lives.

They had first been introduced to the debonair (in his sober moments) young man, who lived on the cliff top not far from their own home, at a dance at the golf club, where all were members. Then had followed invitations from both sides to dine and play cards. Gay parties, when Thompson had never been far from Gwen's side.

Grant hadn't thought much of it at the time, and it wasn't until his return from a business trip that delayed him a week in pursuit of a valuable contract that he had begun to notice an almost imperceptible change in Gwen's attitude towards him. He had boiled inwardly as he realised that Thompson was stealing his wife's affection.

It was then that he had decided to kill him. Well, it was done now, he mused. The elements had been in his favor, also the lonely spot, and the hard macadam surface of the road that would yield no tell-tale tyre tracks to prying eyes, to show that Thompson's car had plunged through the fence backwards, instead of being driven through.

It would be smashed to pieces. The rending crash when it had hit assured him of that. Yes, just an unfortunate accident. Grant smiled in the darkness. All he had to do now was to tell a convincing story to the local police, and then go home to forget.

He stopped his car where the white light illuminating the word "Police" gleamed dully through the mist of drifting rain, and ran quickly up the steps. Inside, the desk sergeant looked up from the evening paper, and Grant experienced his first real pangs of doubt. Then, pushing his fears aside, he said, "Good evening, Sergeant. My name is Grant, Anthony Grant, from Green Hills, on the cliff-top road. A terrible thing has happened up there. A neighbor of mine, Mr. Thompson, has gone over the cliff in his car."

He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, and with a nervous gesture mopped his brow. Then he resumed with what he hoped to be the right amount of agitation in his voice. "The poor fellow passed me on the long hill leading to the top, and I was horrified to see him fail to take the curve, and go straight on through the fence."

Please turn to page 23



"She's up," the garage man called, as the wrecked car was hauled to the cliff top.



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ALIEN HOME



A young girl, spotless and smiling, stood in the doorway regarding them uncertainly.

THE house in Ulmenallee was not at all what Brenda had expected. It was a pretty little house, standing in a tree-lined street in a small German town that had not been bombed.

Brenda knew perfectly well that the house was really far nicer than the one she had just left at home. But she couldn't stop remembering that house in England.

At home, at least, they had had the house to themselves, but 27 Ulmenallee was only half theirs—the top floor had been given to a young corporal and his pretty red-haired wife. Brenda had seen the wife on the boat coming over, and she had not liked the look of her, nor her loud, frequent laugh. Now she was in the same house.

"Do you like it, darling?" David kept asking eagerly, showing her the neat kitchen, the tiled and mirrored bathroom, and the big clothes cupboard with lights that flicked on as you opened the doors.

"It isn't much like Selby Street," Brenda said, with the first hint of homesickness in her voice, but David laughed and said proudly: "Go on, I should say it isn't."

They were standing in the sitting-room and Brenda looked at the heavy furniture with distaste, and then through the connecting archway to the dining-room, with its large, old-fashioned sideboard.

"It's going to take a lot of keeping clean, David," she said, doubtfully.

"But, darling, you don't have to do that," David was as exuberant as a schoolboy showing off a cageful of white mice. "Liesa will see to that."

"Liesa?"

"Yes. She'll see to the house for you, and she's found a very decent woman called Frau Zorn to do the cooking."

It was on the tip of Brenda's tongue to say: "Then what am I going to do?" but that would have spoiled David's pleasure in the new house, and cast a shadow over their reunion. Instead she said: "It will be wonderful having no washing-up to do."

She was tired. The last few days of packing-up in England had been

hectic, and then there had been the journey, and all the business of flags waving and bands playing, which had over-excited some of the children in the party, and made them noisy and tiresome, including her own Christopher, who was only a year and a bit.

David had been able to come up to Cuxhaven to meet them, and then the big party of BAOR wives had split up into smaller groups, and Brenda had begun to feel more normal, and less like part of a Sunday school treat on an unusually grand scale.

At every station where the train stopped, there was a small crowd of Germans, mostly women, watching them with pale, closed faces and sullen eyes, and Brenda had clutched David's hand and hoped fervently that it wouldn't be like that when they arrived at their own station. But in this little town no one had taken any notice of them at all, no one had even looked at them, and that was far worse.

Three officers' wives, Brenda, and the wife of the corporal upstairs had stepped off the train; there were six children, too, in the party, but for all the notice the German population took of them they might have been invisible.

Now all the official part was over, Christopher was asleep in a small, bright blue room which Brenda thought quite hideous, and she herself was trying to make her tired brain realise that this pretty, modern, heavily furnished house was home. Home until His Majesty had no further need of her David's services.

"I can't realise it," she said suddenly, and hoped she wouldn't start to cry.

"It's true, darling," David said, "we're together again at last, and you don't know how wonderful it is to have you here." He held out his arms and Brenda went to him with a little sigh.

"I'm tired," she confessed, "and it's all so new and strange."

"I know," David murmured. A small sound came from the dining-room, and a breathless voice said: "Bitte . . ."

In the archway to the dining-room a girl stood, smiling and uncertain. "Oh, hullo, Liesa," David said, "Brenda, this is Liesa Wolny. This is my wife, Liesa."

"How do you do," Brenda said, and the girl bobbed a funny little old-fashioned curtsy and said: "Please."

After that, the conversation died, while Brenda, frankly staring, took in the facts that Liesa was young, shy, and very clean. Her dirndl skirt and peasant blouse were old, but they were spotless, and the fair hair tied loosely at her neck shone with cleanliness. She was looking at Brenda with curiosity, and presently she said, speaking English slowly and hesitatingly: "I make now some coffee, not?"

"Not coffee," Brenda said, "tea, please. I'll show you the kitchen."

Liesa and David both laughed and David said: "You needn't do that, darling. Liesa used to live here. This is her home."

"Oh!" Brenda flushed and stammered, feeling at a disadvantage.

"I didn't know that. You should have told me, David."

"Well, I was going to," David said reasonably, "but she came in before I had a chance. Anyway, make some tea, will you, Liesa, tea and kuchen, if there are any."

"There are," Liesa said, "this morning have I made." She bobbed again.

"What has she made?"

"Cake or pastries of some sort. They'll probably be quite good. I daresay she's a good cook, when she can get anything to cook with, and Frau Zorn can't come until tomorrow."

"Did you know her before? Liesa, I mean?"

"Knew the family," David said lightly. "I used to come here last winter sometimes. Used to give the old man a few cigarettes now and again."

"To this very house?"

"Yes. Jolly cold it was, too. Couldn't get any fuel, you see."

"But, David," Brenda said helplessly, "a German family! It seems so strange."

"I know. But this is a small town and there wasn't anywhere much to go in the winter except to the NAAFI and the ENSA show once a week. Frau Wolny used to work in our billet, and some of us got to know her a bit. She'd had a couple of sons of her own, in the Luftwaffe. They got killed. The old man was an architect."

"An architect," Brenda seized on the nearest bit of this family story. "Why, David, they must have been—must have been fairly well off?"

"I expect they were," David said cheerfully, "but you mustn't let that worry you. Frau Wolny worked for us and now Liesa's got to work for you. That's the way it goes, you see."

"David," Brenda said suddenly, "I'm not going to like it here. I know I'm not."

"Wish you hadn't come?" he asked teasingly.

"I—I don't know. I think it will be simply awful living in this house with that girl working here and knowing every corner of it, and feeling that it's more hers than mine—which I suppose it is. Or is it? Oh, dear, it's too confusing. Why did it have to be this house? I hate it! I hate it!"

With that, fatigue, excitement, and overstrained nerves got the better of her, and when Liesa came in with the tea she found Brenda sobbing uncontrollably in David's arms. "Ach!" she made a little clucking sound of sympathy, set down the tray and went out of the room again on tiptoe.

Brenda cried until she felt exhausted and peaceful, and then she sat up and invited David to take a good look at her ravaged face and tell her honestly if it had been worth while going to all that trouble to get her out to Germany.

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Page 5

By . . .
**MARGERIE
SCOTT**

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 27, 1942

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MD-WW2



THE RIGHT WORD

By MILDRED SLATER

waving gay good-byes to fathers. The repeated pattern filled him with a vague sense of lack, of something wanting.

He lived too close to the station, certainly, for May to drive him; but when, he found himself wondering, had the children shown the slightest inclination to walk to the train with him, or to meet his train at night? Yet May couldn't move from the house without John or Eileen tagging after her. Queer that a little thing like that should all at once seem momentous. But it did.

The train flashed over the trestle that spanned the river, and he suddenly thought of Eileen's eyes, swimming with tears. His shoulders moved uneasily, and his hand passed slowly across his chin.

"I'm eight," Eileen had been saying, picking up at breakfast the argument that she and John had left off at bedtime the night before. "I'm eight and I've done Nature Study and you haven't and I should know. There is a bird called a nuthatch."

"Well, if you're eight, I'm six," John blurted, "and a nuthatch is a thing you open nuts with; like a woodhatch is a thing you cut down trees with, and I don't care what you say."

"A bird." Like the unrelenting snip of scissors from Eileen.

"A nutcracker thing." Like a chant from John.

"Bird."
"Nutcracker."
"Bird."

Exasperated, Larry turned the pages of the morning paper to the market reports, but May spoke to the children with the long-suffering patience that he sometimes thought mothers must bring into the world along with their offspring.

"When you've finished your breakfast, get out the encyclopaedia

and look it up," she told them. "But now drink your milk and stop bickering."

The glasses rose obediently, and Larry sighed with relief. But almost immediately Eileen said, "And what's more, Johnny Wall, they can walk upside down. Nuthatches, I mean."

There was utter and complete silence for a moment, then John's lower lip shot forward.

"Mum," he howled, "she's doing it again. Make her stop."

Larry flung his paper to the floor. He glared indignantly at May. She was calmly spooning boiled eggs into two yellow cups, salting the eggs, breaking in bits of buttered toast. How, he thought distractedly, she could sit there without even hearing was beyond him. And why she permitted this constant morning squabbling—

"Stop that bellowing!" he exploded. "Where do you think you are?"

John's mouth, opening to howl again, closed soundlessly.

Looking grimly from one child to the other, he said in Day-of-Judgment tones: "Both of you. Listen to me. There is a bird called a nuthatch, though we never see them here. A bird, John, do you understand? They use their bills like hatchets. And that is how they got the name: nuthatch."

HE turned to apple-cheeked, blue-eyed John. "There is no such thing as a woodhatch. The word is 'hatchet.'" He turned from John to pink-cheeked, flaxen-haired Eileen, and further thought of chastisement failed him as he saw her lashes blink at him and her eyes fill up like two blue ponds of tears.

"You d-didn't need to say so much," she stammered. "Just 'a b-bird' was all you h-had to say."

He understood exactly what she meant and he wanted to cut his tongue out. May was gazing at him with a strange expression, and the way she bent her head when he stared back hurt him more than anything she might have said. He could almost feel her pity for the children in the soft warm flush of her face and throat, feel it in the way she drew her upper lip down, as though she, too, were close tears.

But it was John who broke the tension in the air. Spinning his egg-cup on his plate, he screwed up his face and yelled with all his might, "Here, Pipsqueak. H-e-r-e, Pip!"

Pipsqueak, the wire-haired terrier, came bounding into the dining-room with joyous yelps.

"Look, Eileen," John pleaded. "Look. I'm going to give my egg to Pip. Look, why don't you?"

May rescued the egg-cup with one hand as Eileen flung herself against her.

"He didn't have to say it so hard," Eileen cried hysterically. "And I—I'm so unhappy; I—" Burying her head in her mother's lap she sobbed, "I hate my father."

"Hush," May whispered. "You mustn't even think such a horrible thing. Come, let's go and wash your face in nice cold water, shall we?"

John sat for a moment staring at his plate. Then almost fearfully, he slid from his chair, collared the dog, and followed his mother and sister from the room.

Larry bent and picked up the paper from the floor. He smoothed and folded it carefully. He would have to read it on the train. Children, he told himself, kicked up storms like this. It didn't mean anything. They said all sorts of crazy things. And John leaving him that way, without a word. That was natural, too. Probably frightened

by all the hubbub. By to-night they'd both be over it, and the whole thing would be forgotten.

But Eileen was right, of course; amazingly right for a child her age. And all the way to the train, after calling good-bye down the hall, he thought of all the ways he might have said whatever he had to say.

Look here, Eileen, he might have said, go and get the encyclopaedia, and we'll see if we can find all about nuthatches for John. He might have laughed and said: I don't know why they don't call 'em woodhatches, son—perfectly good word, to my way of thinking—but they don't. They call 'em hatchets.

If he had handled it that way, as he should have, as any understanding parent would have, they'd be happy now and so would he. But he had so much on his mind these days, and that singsong nuthatch and woodhatch business.

Woodhatch, he thought again, and his eyebrows drew together in a puzzled frown as a memory stirred in him. It had something to do with wood, and oddly enough with his father. Then all at once he remembered, and wished he hadn't, as a vivid picture from his childhood came to him with an unexpected and almost alarming sharpness.

He was sitting on the ground, his back against a tree near the wood heap, a book propped up on his knees. He should have been chopping wood for his mother for the stove, but the wood was untouched as he lost himself in an exciting dream that had arisen out of the story he was reading—a thrilling tale of two boys who found in a creek bed near their own home a



"You d-didn't need to say so much," Eileen said.

strange-looking stone which turned out to contain gold.

Eagerly his eyes went out over the paddocks, down towards their own creek. Why, he thought, what the boys had done, he himself might be able to do. For all they knew, there might be a fortune down there in the creek, if he searched for it carefully enough.

His heart began to pound as the dream expanded inside him. The mortgage on the property was magically wiped out, his father's working clothes were discarded for a fine suit. His mother sat in the drawing-room in a beautiful new dress. And a hired man and a hired girl did every speck of work while his father and mother did exactly as they pleased.

Please turn to page 30

KOALA—SYMBOL OF AUSTRALIA



Koala—the most enchanting little animal in the world, eats only the foliage of a few species of Eucalyptus. The children's live "teddy bear" carries her baby "pick-a-back" and lives in the big gum tree. Koala has dense, woolly fur and is mainly nocturnal; in the day time, wedged in a fork of his favourite tree, he sleeps or dozes. Faced with extinction, he must be saved, for the lovable Koala is a symbol of Australia greeted everywhere.

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Princess chooses all-white scheme for wedding

Magnificent diamonds only note of luxury in bridal ensemble

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Princess Elizabeth has decided on an all-white color scheme for her wedding with Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

She will wear magnificent jewellery with the satin bridal gown which Mortnell is designing on full-skirted lines.

It will be embroidered with seed pearls and diamante. A handsome coronet of diamonds will hold the bride's veil in place. This and several other pieces of jewellery are being made by a firm of Court Jewellers, and will include some of the diamonds given to the Princess on her 21st birthday.

Pieces of family jewellery are also being broken down and reset for her. So although the wedding of the Heiress Presumptive is an austerity affair, the bride and her retinue of bridesmaids will present a glittering spectacle.

The bridesmaids, in white frocks, will have flowers in their hair, but each will wear a lovely piece of jewellery, diamond-set, given by the bride and bridesroom.

While Lieutenant Mountbatten was holidaying at Balmoral he and Elizabeth decided on the presents. Already these pieces of jewellery are being made to their designs.

Lavish and spectacular as the jewellery will be in contrast to the austerity of the rest of the wedding arrangements, there will be no extravagance, as the Princess has some lovely gems which have been given to her, and many which she has inherited.

English craftsmen will benefit and the export drive will receive an extra fillip when the designs are seen, as there has been a big demand in America for copies of the engagement ring.

Even as far afield as Dallas, Texas, the design and copies of the ring are showing.

Eight bridesmaids

THE bridesmaids will be Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra of Kent, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, the Honorable Pamela Mountbatten, the Honorable Margaret Elphinstone, and Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon.

Prince William of Gloucester and Prince Michael of Kent will be paces.

Hundreds of young girls throughout the Empire will sleep on a piece of the Princess' wedding cake, and perhaps dream of their future husbands.

Because the Princess has had so many offers of wedding cakes she has decided to accept ten, and to give these to various organisations and clubs throughout the Empire. A choice of these has not yet been made. The cake she will cut at the reception at the Palace will be made by McVittie and Price, of Edinburgh, who made the cake for the wedding of the King and Queen.

Ingredients from Australia will go to the Palace for the cake the Royal chef is making.

As the wedding day falls on the 100th anniversary of the death of Henry Francis Lyte, who wrote "Abide With Me," one of his hymns will be played — "Praise Ye the Lord."

Organist at the Abbey will be Australian William McKie.

Since the King has laid down that there will be no unduly lavish expenditure, making plans for such an important wedding is not an easy task for the Lord Chamberlain, who is in charge of all arrangements.

Everyone feels the wedding of the Heiress Presumptive is something of a State occasion, and must be in keeping with the position of the Throne in the Commonwealth.

As it is regarded as a family affair, no foreign rulers will be invited.

Only a few stands will be erected inside the Abbey, which will not



THE ROYAL FAMILY at Lord's. The group includes Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, Princess Elizabeth, the Queen, Lieutenant Mountbatten, the King, and Princess Margaret.

involve its being closed to the public. The Archbishop of Canterbury's staff has a ticklish problem to solve.

That is to find an expert penman to engrave in Old English lettering Elizabeth's marriage-lines.

The craftsman who wrote the lettering for previous Royal weddings has died, and the art is becoming rarer.

The wedding-lines will cover nearly a square yard of parchment.

At St. James Palace Commander Samways, R.N., is in charge of the wedding presents.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is sending a 200-piece dinner service, and the Union of South Africa some stinkwood furniture (which in spite of its malodorous name is the Union's first indigenous timber and was much admired by Elizabeth on the Royal tour).

An Army collection for a present

will probably be £20,000 sterling, but only a small amount will go on a present, and the rest to charity.

Like most British people, Elizabeth and Philip have had to scrap many of their plans since the economic crisis.

They will now spend their honeymoon in the South of England.

The place is, of course, secret.

Plans had been made for a honeymoon on the Riviera at the Marchioness of Milford-Haven's house, "La Courtauld," in a secluded spot among wattle shrubberies above Cannes, or in Norway at the invitation of King Haakon.

The young couple shelved these plans because they both felt it would

be wrong to accept invitations to go abroad at a time when everyone else is obliged to stay put.

Like most brides of these days, Elizabeth won't have a trousseau. But she will add to her wardrobe a magnificent regalia when she is made a member of the 600-year-old Order of the Garter before her marriage.

The regalia is valued at £3500, but in case there is any suggestion that it would be cheaper to let the Princess have a trousseau, it must be borne in mind that this regalia is nearly always handed down from a former holder.

Elizabeth's trousseau will be made up of dresses she took to South Africa but didn't wear.

Patterns of these appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly. They include a green-and-white figured crepe dinner dress, a white jersey evening dress trimmed with red paillettes, and a black net dance frock.

An important question to be settled before the wedding is whether or not Princess Elizabeth will promise to "obey."

The words are omitted from the revised form of marriage service.

Choice of service

COUPLES are given a choice of the old or new service, but ecclesiastical and legal experts are asking whether Elizabeth, a probable future sovereign, and therefore Defender of the Faith and head of the Church of England, can be given any such choice.

While austerity plans for the wedding are slowly taking shape, Lieutenant Mountbatten has resumed duty as instructor at Corsham Petty Officers' Training School, Wiltshire.

Though the Lord Chamberlain told the Ministry of Works no seats were to be erected along the route of the procession, Government offices have been asked to hang flags, but no bunting.

Many overseas and summer visitors are braving the English climate and staying on for the wedding.

Focal point of crowds after the wedding will be Buckingham Palace, the only building to be flooded.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and her fiancé, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, dancing together at the Youth and Service Ball in Edinburgh recently. Philip led Elizabeth on to the floor to open the dancing, but had to retire as he did not know the steps of the first dance—an eightsome reel.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA will be among the bridesmaids at the Royal wedding.



PRINCESS MARGARET will be chief bridesmaid at the wedding of her sister and Lieut. Mountbatten.

THE 40-HOUR WEEK

THE decision of the Full Bench of the Commonwealth Arbitration Court to make the 40-hour week an Australia-wide working standard settled a long-debated question.

Hours of work have been a subject of industrial claims and counter claims ever since the time when employees' hours were governed mainly by the employers' conscience and convenience.

Nearly a century ago, the 48-hour week was acclaimed as a great achievement. As man's genius contrives more and better machines to do his work more swiftly he hopes to reap the benefit in a shorter and shorter working week.

Ordinary mortals would find this very pleasant. It is only the Einsteins and Madame Curies of this world who are so happy in their work that they want to keep at it for all their waking hours.

The desirable thing, however, is that decisions on such questions should be made as was the 40-hour week ruling, after arguments from all points of view had been heard and weighed, and the national and community welfare considered.

There are many thorny questions surrounding the decision and its implementation. The dangers of rising prices, overtime, and the way in which the 40 hours will be spread over the week are some of them.

On the settlement of these points depends the degree of benefit workers will gain. On their solution depends also the ease with which industry and the national economy adapt themselves to the change.

Naturally, success depends on the amount of production achieved in the 40 hours. Many have been apprehensive of the result of shorter working hours at this time of world crisis.

But goodwill and co-operative work on all sides can assure as much production in 40 hours as in 44. It is up to everybody.



SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: Our artist views a cigarette queue, likely to remain a feature of our national life.

It seems to me....

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Why don't you take up the bigger questions of the day more often? You haven't had anything serious to say about the nationalisation of banking..."

Dear Sir,—Enough written words have already been devoted to this subject to make "Gone With the Wind" twice over.

Enough people are already ear-bashing other people about it, from platforms, in trains, and over breakfast tables. (And nothing serious should ever be discussed at a breakfast table.)

What is more, whichever side they are on, they—or most of them—are sure they are right, no matter how sketchy the background from which they derive their certainty. Moreover, they don't want to hear anything further on the matter.

When I was a small child I believed that mountains were storms. I gained this impression at some early age from seeing adults pointing in the direction of the mountains in the distance and predicting a storm before nightfall.

Eventually I got the thing straight, but I think it must have left me with a dislike of jumping to conclusions, and a tendency when presented with an alien viewpoint to say "You may be right."

And it is the immense conviction with which so many people approach every controversial matter that I find more alarming than the controversies.

There are those who maintain that it is only by conviction that anything is ever achieved.

Even so, what passes for conviction is often only prejudiced parroting of others' convictions. I wouldn't pretend, of course, to be innocent of prejudices myself. Who is?

But, seeing what conviction and prejudices have produced to date in the way of wars and conflict, I'm all for a bit more wholesome doubting, a little less certainty.

THAT there are a great many people with open, doubtful minds was suggested by a happening at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Dundee, Scotland.

One of the most crowded lectures at the congress was a talk given on early European ghost stories.

Presumably, since it took place at a science congress, the audience of the meeting was composed of people who are accustomed to deal in what are known as facts.

No doubt they turned with relief to ghosts. For though no one has proved satisfactorily the existence of ghosts, no one has satisfactorily disproved it, either.

And ghosts, happily, are creatures of the night hours. Their terrors fade with the sunlight—which is more than can be said for other fears a pessimistic scientist may entertain to-day.

THE gremlins that haunt newspaper offices were on the back of my chair last week. In mentioning a statement by the P.M.G. (Senator Cameron), I called him Senator Ashley. It's quite a while since Senator Ashley was P.M.G.

The amusing part of this (for everyone else but me) is that in the same issue I had a par about the mistake in the Newcastle stamp, saying it sent a cold shudder of sympathy through any worker on a newspaper!



Dorothy Drain

THE landing of the illegal Jewish immigrants at Hamburg made distressing reading, and whatever the rights and wrongs of it the affair makes wretchedly convenient material for anti-British propaganda.

The accounts are conflicting. Some observers told of unnecessary force and cruelty being used by British soldiers. Some told of kind acts and gentleness by troops.

It is probable that there was truth in both views. For a brutal man is brutal whatever uniform he wears, and the same applies to a kind man. And some people evoke greater sympathy than others, whether they be Jews or Gentiles.

The refusal of the immigrants to land in France seems foolish, but the bitterness of landing in Germany must have been great indeed. And it is not surprising if the Jews are unreasonable after their long history of being kicked around.

Meanwhile, Americans let their heads and type-writers go in criticism and censure.

The Americans live in a glass house themselves in the matter of racial bitterness. But they're in the powerful position to-day where a few critical stones don't hurt them. Britain isn't.

Apart from the claims of humanity and sympathy, she desperately needs to clear up this nasty situation. For never in her history has she been more in need of the favorable opinion of other Powers.

THOUGH the intention of a resolution concerning foreigners passed by the South Australian branch of the Australian Labor Party was laudable, it misses the point.

The resolution suggested that it be made a penal offence to refer to naturalised Australians as "foreigners." (It followed a resolution that unnaturalised persons should, after 12 months, be given the opportunity of declaring their intention to become Australian citizens, and, if they failed to do so, be deported within six months.)

But the word "foreigner" only means a person born in a foreign country or speaking a foreign language. It isn't a term of opprobrium in itself.

In the unlikely event of such a law being passed, people who dislike foreigners could put as much venom into the term "naturalised Australian."

It's the attitude of mind that has to be changed. That's something that can't be done by law—only by time, and education in tolerance.

WOMEN'S organisations are pleased that legislation to enable a wife to retain savings from housekeeping money has been adopted by the New South Wales Cabinet.

Girlie, see what you have done
With energy unflagging,
Here at last the victory won
With years and years of nagging.

And yet the triumph, sad to say,
Won't alter your position.
If you can save your dough to-day,
My girl, you're a magician.

DESIGNERS of men's clothes in America are trying to make men's trousers shorter. What you gain on the skirts you lose on the round-the-houses.

Interesting People



MISS MARGARET BEATY
... woman bank manager

BRITAIN'S first woman bank manager is blue-eyed, brown-haired, and charming Margaret Beatty, just 21 years old. Recently passing final of Bankers' Institute exam., she was immediately promoted to managership of York County Savings Bank. Says: "I hope to prove there is scope for women in banks. I feel women bankers should be more patient than men, and able to cope with small investments of other women."



DR. KEITH BRADFIELD
... airport development

BRILLIANT 36-year-old Keith Bradfield, ex-chief airport engineer for the Department of Civil Aviation, is Australia's representative on the Council of International Civil Aviation Organisation in Montreal, Canada. In war he designed and developed airports throughout Australia and the islands. In Canada will investigate latest developments in airport design.



MISS PHYL FFRENCH
... paints in Philadelphia

FIRST Australian artist to hold a one-man show in America since Pearl Harbor is Phyl Ffrench, of Melbourne, whose show at McClees Galleries, Philadelphia, caused great interest. Attractive, slim, fair-haired, Phyl lives in a fascinating old-world house in Philadelphia, and is kept busy. Sold a number of paintings at her exhibition. She was a pupil of Max Meldrum, went to Melbourne National Gallery Art School. Worked with Americans in war as draughtsman.

PIERRE BALMAIN — man of ideas and charm

He escaped to dress-designing after studying science and architecture

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

Pierre Balmain, first famous French dress-designer to come to Australia with his own dress collection, says he can design clothes only "for a lady."

His models are so elegantly simple and distinguished that they do not appeal at all to the type of women who flourish on the black market in Paris and spend enormous sums every season on their clothes.

MANY of these women come to his salon and search through his collection, but they never find anything they can wear.

The type he has in mind as he designs his clothes is the elegant, cultured, poised woman, of whom he thinks the Duchess of Kent the ideal example.

During his brief three weeks in Australia Balmain hopes to see enough of Australian life to be inspired to design clothes specially suited to the average Australian woman.

The Australian girls he has seen so far have shown Balmain that their waists are broader but their hips more feminine than in most French girls, and these differences will affect the clothes he designs here.

Two women's hats he brought with him from Paris show already the strong influence of the A.I.P. Dinner hat. One is in white felt and one in straw.

He came here to stage a series of fashion talks, which he demonstrated with clothes he designed in Paris and brought with him.

As he makes a point of buying a hat in every country he visits, he wants to take from Australia a broad-brimmed man's hat typical of those worn by our country men. His collection includes South American sombrero and Californian ten-gallons.

Balmain has an effortless charm and his greeting when you meet him has the friendly warmth of his native Savoy, in south-eastern France.

Good-looking, with dark, flashing eyes and a ready smile, he dresses conventionally. When I met him he wore a dark grey finely woven worsted suit, white shirt, maroon tie. The turned-back cuff of his coat-sleeve was his suit's only departure from the everyday pattern.

In perfect English, with a good-humored twinkle and a few expressive gestures, he tells the story of how he came to be a world-famous member of the Parisian haute couture before he was 30 years of age.

Much argument

CLOTHES were part of the background of his family life.

His father and grandfather ran an extensive wholesale business, distributing through the whole of Savoy beautiful folklore costumes, with their accompanying ribbons and flowers.

Such costumes are still worn by the older generation in Savoy.

From the time he was a lad of seven Balmain made up his mind he wanted to be a dress-designer. But a lot of things had to happen and a lot of arguing had to take place before he achieved his ambition.

"My father died when I was seven and mother would not hear of my being a dress-designer," he said.

"She did not think it a manly enough profession, and decided I was to be a doctor."

"The first woman ever to take any interest in my sketches of frocks was Mme. Premet, a famous French couturier of my mother's day."

"She saw some sketches I did when I was only 16 years old, and she liked them so well she sent them off to Paris. And that was the last we ever heard of them."

The young Pierre got his Bachelor of Science degree in Savoy. Then he made another bid for a



ASSISTANT DESIGNER to Pierre Balmain, Captain John Cavanagh, who started his career with Captain Molyneux, is in Australia with Balmain.

different career. His mother would still not consider dress-designing but compromised by sending him off to Paris to study architecture.

He supplemented his architectural studies by designing stage costumes for the Folies Bergeres and the Casino de Paris.

"Of course, I had to do it anonymously so that mother wouldn't know. But plenty of my mathematics forms were filled with dress designs."

"I submitted three to Robert Piguet and had them accepted."

"With the money I got for them I sent mother a bottle of Guerlain perfume."

"She took the first train to Paris to have a little chat with me. She was furious, and still would have none of this dress-designing nonsense."

"Then she lost her fortune. She could no longer afford to keep me in Paris to study."

"I had to go back to Savoy or manage on my own. Soon I got a job with Molyneux."

"After some years with Molyneux, I went over to Lelong, and in 1945 I started on my own."

"Mother was soon converted, and opened a dress salon of her own under her own name, Francoise Balmain, in the fashionable Savoy resort, Aix-les-Bains."

"I design all her dresses for her." It was through his mother's salon that Balmain met Gertrude Stein, with whom he formed a great friendship lasting until her death.

"She was not interested in clothes; we never discussed them. Our mutual interest lay in literature, and I loved to talk with her about the young American writers, of whom one of my favorites is Steinbeck."

Balmain has two mementos of Gertrude Stein—a beautifully patterned Balinese scarf and a whalebone walking-stick—which were gifts to him.

"They are my lucky mascots. I never part from them, especially since last season, when I went out without the scarf, was run over by an American, and had my leg broken."

A third lucky mascot is a piece of muskrat skin, which he insists on carrying with him tied up into an odd little package with string. It has no story, but is "just lucky."

A keen skier, swimmer, and horse-back rider, Pierre Balmain loves to design beautiful sports clothes for women.

"I hate to see the sporting outdoor type of woman wearing mannish clothes. There is no need at all for this."

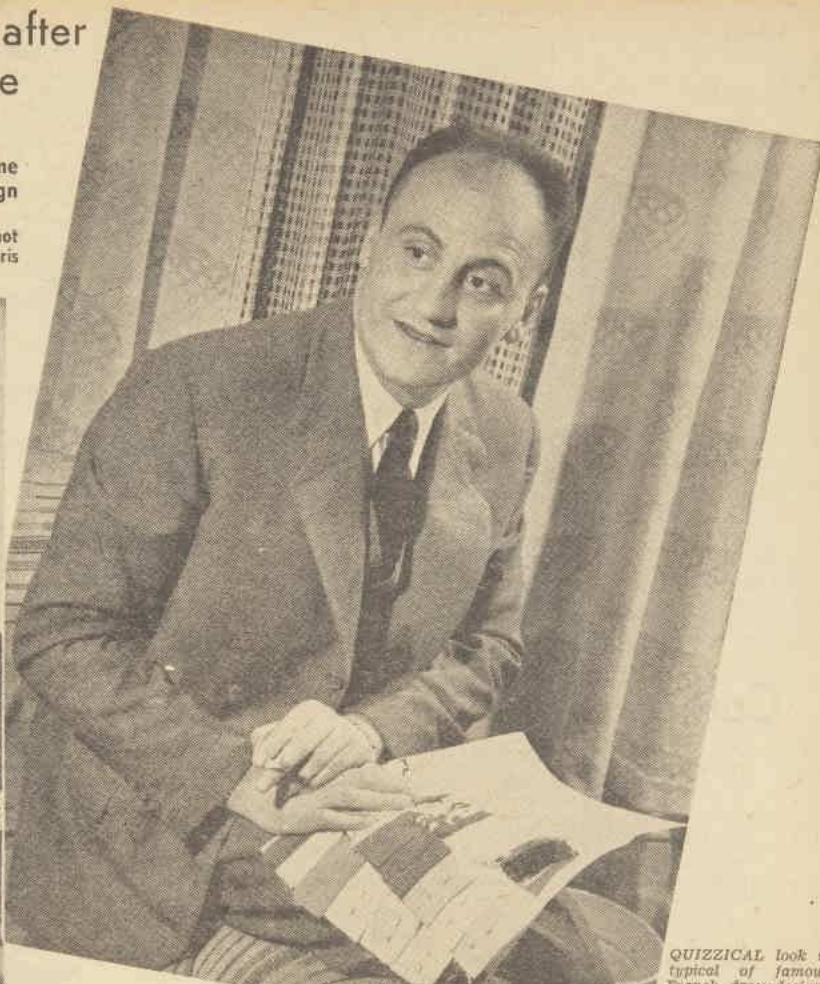
For Balmain there is no longer-skill controversy. To him it is simply a matter of evolution.

Clothes, he says, do not change for no reason at all from season to season. Each season's style evolves out of the one before it.

He pointed out that the longer skirt is not even new this season, instancing that in the collection brought from Paris for The Aus-

Straight shoulders

● When Pierre Balmain was trying out mannequins for his dress parades at David Jones', Sydney, he found that Australian girls stand up so much straighter than French mannequins that he had to make alterations in frocks. Bodices had to be made longer in the front and shorter in the back.



QUIZZICAL look is typical of famous French dress-designer Pierre Balmain, who is visiting Australia to give fashion lectures.

tralian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades last year there was a black net cocktail frock of ankle-length.

It is typical of Balmain that after a day's hard work in his salon he likes to spend his leisure hours relaxing at the Tabou Club, Paris headquarters of the young French intellectuals who believe in Jean Paul Sartre's philosophy of Existentialism—the latest subject of discussion in Paris and London.

He does not believe in the philosophy himself, but he enjoys the company he finds at the club, where young writers, painters, and musicians meet to exchange ideas.

The club is in a cellar on the left bank of the Seine and is simply furnished with benches, stools, and bare tables.

The Tabou Club is a night-club where it is thought smarter to talk than to drink, and where the usual boredom of a Continental night-club is replaced by intense mental stimulation. And it is cheap.

Captain John Cavanagh, Balmain's assistant designer, who has come with him to Australia, is from Mayo, West Coast of Ireland, which he admits himself seems a far cry from the Paris haute couture.

But, like Balmain, he has wanted to be a dress-designer ever since he could think.

"I can remember sitting up in my cot when I was three years old admiring my mother, ready to leave for a ball, wearing a rose-pink satin gown and sabies," he says.

"And when I was ten I was furious because she insisted on wearing a dress I thought too long. She wasn't showing enough of her knee."

"On my way to school I used to dawdle past shop windows gazing at dresses, and when in Paris as a schoolboy I walked down the Rue

de la Paix dazzled by the great names."

"Molyneux came to London to open his dress-house there when I was seventeen years old. I combed the London hotels until I found where he was staying."

"I wrote to him and he gave me an interview. He told me to learn fashion-drawing, and promised to criticize any sketches I sent to him."

"He did this for six months and then gave me a job in London."

"As soon as war broke out all the men on Molyneux's London staff rushed to join up, but we were asked to wait and keep the business going until the country was geared for war."

Gaining dollars

BEFORE I went into the Army in 1940 Molyneux presented a small collection of thirty practical, useful frocks and suits, and it was bought in its entirety by American stores.

"It helped to stimulate the big export of clothes to America, which built up the much-needed dollar balance, and is still helping to do so."

Captain Cavanagh first joined the infantry, went into intelligence, and then into the Camouflage and Deception Corps, where he had a key job in preparing for D-Day.

He was in India on similar work when war ended.

After nearly a year in America, where he met Balmain, he returned to Paris and his present job.

Summing up what makes a designer good enough to become a member of the Parisian haute couture, Captain Cavanagh said:

"Perfect dress design is the art of elimination. It is the 'nothing' dress with a 'trick' that is the highest achievement in the fashion world."

Smart clothes and
Chocolate must have
quality and

...says soignee

Catherine Duncan

star of radio and a
playwriter, too

Miss Duncan posed for us wearing an ear-fitting bonnet by Lucelle Felton in palest blue felt, trimmed with cyclamen spotted veiling and shaded ostrich tips.

Miss Duncan says: "Nowadays I find myself listening for the SNAP when I break a block of chocolate. The louder the snap the better the quality of the chocolate. Small's Club Chocolate always breaks with such clean brittle snap and that chocolate does taste good. Not-so-sweet and that's exactly the way I like it."

SNAP

Everybody's 'snapping' it now!



From Dad at his bowls to young Fred at tennis — they play a better game because of the quick pick-up they get from their Small's Club Chocolate. You hear Small's Club Chocolate snapping everywhere that people play during the weekend. The louder the SNAP the better the chocolate — and Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a good loud snap every time. So everybody's SNAPPING it now.



Small's make great Chocolate

"THE LOUDER THE SNAP THE BETTER THE CHOCOLATE"

World-wide chorus to sing "Abide With Me"

Australia will share in commemoration of hymn written 100 years ago

By MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

On Sunday, November 16, choirs in churches throughout the world will sing "Abide With Me."

An English clergyman, the Rev. H. J. Garland, has organised this massing of choristers to commemorate the writing of the hymn 100 years ago by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

MR. GARLAND has been in touch with Australian Churches which will take part in the commemoration, and he has arranged for the hymn to be broadcast.

On the same day a simple tablet will be unveiled in Westminster Abbey to commemorate the death of the author a few weeks after he wrote it.

Henry Lyte, for 20 years vicar of Lower Brixham, Devon, sat in his lovely old garden looking across the Bay of Brixham as he set down the words that would bring fame to him and comfort to millions of people all over the world.

As he wrote he knew that he would soon die, and had known it for months.

There are many strange and affecting stories about the singing of "Abide With Me."

A submarine cruising off Heligoland in 1940 submerged, encountered engine trouble, and could not rise—the engines had gone dead. For hours the crew worked by flashlight but in vain. The air became foul.

Finally, as the commander was about to issue pills that would bring peaceful unconsciousness, one of his men suggested singing a hymn, and "Abide With Me" was chosen.

They stood to sing, and as they came to the third verse the heaviest



REV. H. J. GARLAND, English Methodist minister, collects stories about "Abide With Me," is organiser of world commemoration next November.



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE wrote inspiring hymn 100 years ago and died soon afterwards.

vast host of onlookers sing "Abide With Me." Passengers on a train to the game this year found an old man with them going to the arena not for the game, but for the hymn.

"For years my wife and I sang it every Sunday before going to bed. She died this year, but I thought perhaps, with such a great multitude singing it, she might hear it again, and I wanted to be one of them."

Rev. H. J. Garland, who is a Methodist clergyman, has spent many years gathering material about "Abide With Me," and receives about 200 letters a week.

Recently one arrived from Minneapolis from a Swedish-American woman who had once been a nursemaid to the manager's wife in a remote lumber camp. She told him how, when she was 15 years old, she had to walk three miles through lonely forest paths on Sunday evening to visit her home.

As dusk deepened she would be terrified, but always allayed her fears by singing "Abide With Me," stopping to rest at the end of the song,



BERRY HEAD HOUSE, Brixham, Devon, home of Rev. Henry Lyte. Watching the ebb and flow of the tide from the garden of this house he was inspired to write "Abide With Me."

and marking in the snow crust with her finger a heart and the words "God is Love."

The letter writer added that years after she had left the locality she received a letter from a half-breed telling her he used to follow her to hear her sing and read her messages. They so impressed him, he had become a regular Church member.

The hymn has British Army associations stemming from Lord Kitchener to Lord Montgomery.

As Kitchener stood to attention

in Khartoum Cathedral for the thanksgiving service for Omdurman he had tears in his eyes as the band played "Abide With Me." General Gordon's favorite hymn.

General Allenby asked for "Abide With Me" to be sung at the thanksgiving service in Jerusalem, when his troops entered in 1918.

General Montgomery first sang the hymn in his father's church, and it is his favorite.

It is the regimental hymn of the famous Durham Light Infantry. It was introduced into the regiment by a man who won the V.C. in 1914, and was sung by men of the D.L.I. as they stood waiting to be rescued from the beaches of Dunkirk.

It is the special hymn of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. At dinner on guest nights "God Save the King" is sung in the middle of dinner and "Abide With Me" at the end.

Henry Lyte's photos show him as unusually handsome, with a Byronic cast of features. He was tall, over six feet, and graceful.

Lonely childhood

BUT primarily Henry Lyte was interested in children. His own childhood had been lonely. When he was seven his army officer father had forsaken his mother, whom he never saw again.

His father, anxious to be rid of his two sons, left them in an Irish boarding school. Fortunately, the headmaster took a fatherly interest in Henry, later helped him through Trinity College.

He became the first vicar of Lower Brixham, Devon. As a parish priest he was in his element, and turning most of his attention to the children he became one of the leaders of the then new Sunday School movement.

He wrote the first hymn book for children.

New hymns were tried out first in the Sunday School.

So when the manuscript of "Abide With Me" was completed it was sent to the choirmaster, who adapted Lyte's own tune and then it was sung by a 12-year-old girl with a pretty, clear voice.

Some years later it was set to the now famous music by Dr. W. H. Monk, and adapted into a sacred song at Dame Clara Butt's request for her Australian tour, by Samuel H. Liddle, who still lives in Hampstead.

As a fitting tribute to Rev. Henry Lyte, Eventide Homes for aged clergy of all denominations are to be founded. The first are to be established in Torquay, in his own county of Devon.

Former Alps ranger will go to Antarctica

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

An Australian Alps ranger, Johnnie Abbottsmith, has left his work at Mount Kosciuszko to join the Antarctic expedition leaving Australia at the end of this year.

AT present he is at Hotham Heights, Victoria, testing snow-shoes, which will be used by the expedition.

Always keen to go where the temperature is coldest, Johnnie was lucky to be one of the few chosen for the job from the thousands who applied.

He is known to all sportsmen who like adventuring above the snow-line for his work safeguarding skiing parties who leave their tracks over the smooth snow of the uplands.

Hotel Kosciuszko and the Chalet at Charlotte Pass are centres of a radio telephone network which links up nine sets placed in isolated huts over the mountains. These huts contain provisions, emergency first-aid kits, and fuel to help skiers who either call during a journey or cannot make the distance back to their original base.

As ranger, John Abbottsmith had to see the radio telephone lines were kept open. This was continuous work, and lives depended upon it. With the lines open, skiers who run into blizzards and who need help can immediately notify the Hotel or Chalet.

"A bell like a telephone rings," John explained. "It is heard at the two main centres, and also at the other huts. The radius is about 30 to 40 miles, and the system is the simplest possible, even eliminating call signs."

"I patrolled about 78 miles a week keeping the lines open."

"Generally I took one or two with

me to make up a party. I have taken more, but I think it is harder to control a larger party. Some lag behind, and it is rather worrying 'hecking up on everyone.'"

John Abbottsmith is obviously at the peak of physical fitness.

Spending all his time outdoors has given him a deep tan. His eyes are extremely blue. Not over-tall, he looks as if he could keep going indefinitely.

Caught in fog

"ON these patrols," John went on, "we carry packs weighing 25 to 30 pounds. I've had some exciting times when I've been going from one hut to another. I remember when I took a party of ten across the mountains from the Chalet to White's River Hut. After we left, a dense fog came up. You couldn't see a thing. From the rear I couldn't see the man who was leading! There was no visibility at all."

"Going down steep slopes we had only one thing to guide us."

"We made a snowball. We let it roll ahead of us and skied slowly behind. We knew that if we could still see it we were right, but if it vanished suddenly we'd know that it had shot over a cornice, so we'd have to try another way."

Before becoming a Kosciuszko ranger, John had been to other snowfields. In peacetime he had worked on a ship taking him to Canada. Once there, he headed for the Canadian snowfields, and travelled in dog-teams.

"Nothing much happened!" he

understated, glancing over this experience.

In the early part of the war John was a sergeant in the A.I.F. in charge of providing equipment for ski-troopers, and also instructing the famous ski troops in Syria.

"Another chap and I did all the designing and buying of the special uniform," he said. "It was white, to provide camouflage on the snow. Skis and stocks were white, too, and the men were issued with a big white cloak and hood. It was extraordinary to see them out in the snow, vanishing before your eyes when the order to camouflage was given."

"In one movement the men would pull white cloaks over their packs and heads. Their rifles were hidden from sight by white covers."

Training of these ski troops was gruelling, and there was no time to enjoy life on the snow.

"There was an intensive training course of three weeks," John Abbottsmith recalled. "We had the men out on the snow at six in the morning, and they were kept at it all day, with only a few hours' rest. At night they attended lectures."

"A parade and march past was held at the end of the training course."

"On a big, open parade ground General Morshead inspected the men, and he was on skis, too! They wouldn't let him off, and as he knew nothing of skiing had had to be trained first before he could take the parade. The men stood at attention on their skis, stocks stuck into the snow beside them."

Johnnie Abbottsmith belongs to a fraternity of about only 20 people in Australia.

He is a second-class skier. The grading of second-class skier is Australia's highest ski-ing award. In the ten years since he first skied he has worked up to this grading. To win it you must do very high-



JOHNNIE ABBOTSMITH, former ranger in the Australian Alps, will go to Antarctic in the Wyatt Earp.

speed ski-ing, dropping 500 feet in 30 seconds, 1000 feet in five minutes, with no falls, do high-speed stop christianas, and stop on a steep slope with jump turns.

So unconsciously he seems to have been taking the right steps to prepare him for the expedition, in which his knowledge of diesel engineering and ski-ing record should be most useful.

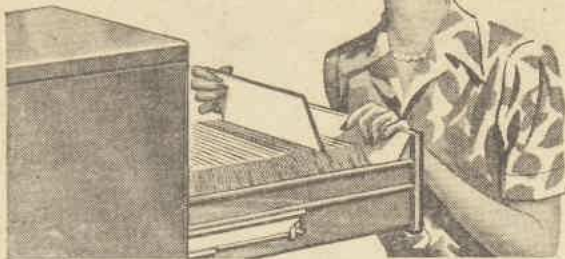
He will be away from Australia for at least a year.

With a colony of other hand-picked men, weather stations and bases will be established in the Antarctic, sending out weather information 24 hours a day for the full year.

John Abbottsmith does not know what he is going to do after the expedition ends. One thing is certain. The climate will be cold, and John will be on skis.

Your Turn to TURN ON A PARTY?

Snappy New Sandwich
and Savoury Suggestions
from
ELIZABETH COOKE



ELIZABETH COOKE is the cookery and nutrition adviser for the Kraft Walker Cheese Company and her recipe files are packed with tasty suggestions to give your party menus a flair.

SURPRISE! SAVOURY PANCAKES

A sure way to have your party guests intrigued is to serve little savoury stuffed pancakes for supper.

First make your pancake dough and cook lightly. Then spread pancakes with Kraft Fish Paste, sprinkle with pepper and salt and chopped parsley.

Roll up pancakes, cut into one inch lengths, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, fry in deep fat till golden brown, drain and serve piping hot with a garnish of parsley.

Just in case you're on the lookout for a good pancake batter recipe, here's one that should come in very handy, whether you want to have pancakes for the family dessert or whether you want to make these special stuffed pancakes for a party.

Plain Pancake Batter

Four eggs, 2 small cups flour, pinch of salt, 1 pint milk.

Separate egg-yolks and whites and beat separately. Put flour into basin, add yolks, then whites and beat until smooth. Add salt and stir in milk, gradually, beating until smooth. Let stand one hour or more before cooking. Makes 18 pancakes.

Here's another pancake recipe which is handy if you are in a hurry, because you can use the batter immediately, without leaving it to stand.

SERVED TIME IN SAIL



The man with the monkey wrench is Capt. A. G. Ireland, who knows just about everything when it comes to boats and weather. He served his time in sail. We interviewed Capt. Ireland at his boatshed in Double Bay just after he'd slipped a deep keel yacht for cleaning and overhaul. "It's not always as easy as this," he said. "When a hard, wet southerly blows in across the bay, we're on our toes day and night... checking moorings or answering distress call. That's when you need a hot Bonox to take the chill out of your bones." Seaming hot-Bonox... there is nothing like it to keep up your resistance right through the rainy, windy days of winter. Bonox drives out the chill... gives you that added pep to boost you above the 'flu line. You can by-pass 'flu this winter with that daily cup of Bonox. Drink it steaming hot.

KB79

Quick Pancake Batter

One cup S.R. flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Make a well in the middle, add unbeaten egg, stir flour in gradually from sides and add milk, a little at a time. When half milk has been added, beat well to remove lumps. Gradually add remaining milk, cook and use as required to make stuffed pancake savouries.

Mornay Rolls

You can use this same pancake basis for another delectable savoury dish to feature on a buffet supper menu—Mornay rolls.

Spread lightly fried pancakes with your favourite Kraft Fish Paste, or with shredded cheese, and roll up. Cut pancakes into one-inch lengths, place in casserole or baking dish and half cover with fish- or cheese-flavoured white sauce. Bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes, or until golden brown.

Creamed foods—that is, chopped meat, fish, poultry or vegetables, seasoned and mixed with white sauce, are always a standby for party menus.

For a substantial buffet meal, you can serve these foods from large dishes at the supper table—or in individual scallop dishes. Or you can prepare your creamed mixture beforehand and serve it in pastry cases or in the following intriguing Toast Baskets.

Fish Scallop

Add four ounces of Kraft Fish Paste and one beaten egg to half a cup of white sauce. Season with pepper and salt and add two teaspoons white wine (optional). Fill scallop dishes with mixture. Sprinkle with shredded cheese, or shredded cheese and breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. Enough for eight servings.

Toast Baskets

Slice sandwich bread thinly and trim off crusts. Allow one slice for each basket and press each slice firmly into greased muffin or patty tins, with edges overlapping tins. Spread with soft butter which has been mashed and mixed with a little milk, and bake in a slow oven until the baskets are crisp and golden brown. Fill with a hot creamed mixture, and garnish with parsley sprigs.

Creamed Fish Paste is a delicious fish-flavoured filling to go in the Toast-Baskets or pastry cases. Add four ounces of Kraft Fish Paste to half a cup of white sauce, season to taste with salt and pepper and beat in one egg. Fill cases with this mixture and heat in a moderate oven for about eight to ten minutes till well heated through before serving.

It's always easy to brighten up party or everyday menus when you keep your kitchen cupboard well supplied with the five delicious varieties of Kraft Fish Pastes. They are marvellously handy for quick snacks, savouries and sandwich fillings and you can feature them in tasty cooked dishes too. They give you a grand fish flavour without any of the bother of catching and cleaning your fish. Or boning it, anyway!

When you open a tin of Kraft Fish Paste and you want to keep part of it for later use, just cover and put in a cool place to keep it fresh.

More Savoury Notions

As a change from sausage rolls, serve Miniature Meat Pies, which you can make in the same way as a steak and kidney pie for the family's dinner—only this time roll the pastry wafer-thin and press into individual patty tins. Fill with meat mixture flavoured with rich, tasty Bonox. Top with pastry and bake in a quick oven until golden brown.

Savoury Crumpets

Split toasted crumpets, spread with butter and a dash of Bonox and serve piping hot.



The gentleman in the old song who called for fish balls, would have been more than pleased with the taste of these delectable fish-flavoured morsels of goodness.

Party Fish Rissoles

Two beaten eggs, 8 oz. Kraft Fish Paste, 1 lb. mashed potatoes, 1½ onions (medium), 2 tablespoons flour (plain), 1 cup fresh breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg and chopped parsley to taste.

Mix beaten eggs with Fish Paste and blend with seasoned potatoes. Brise onions (chopped finely) and add to mixture. Add flour and breadcrumbs and form into rissoles. Crumb as for cutlets with egg, flour and dry breadcrumbs and fry to golden brown in deep fat. Serve hot. Makes twenty large or forty small portions.

This is a recipe which is handy to have in your collection both for party suppers or every day meals. Make the patties small size and you have a big batch of very tasty party morsels. Make them larger, serve them with the family's favourite green and yellow vegetables and you have a hearty, satisfying main course dish all ready for any day's dinner.

Fish Mushrooms

Bake pastry in cap shapes in individual muffin or round patty pans. Roll stems separately out of pastry strips and bake. When cooked and cool put together with creamed Fish Paste (recipe above).

Pastry Sticks

Make Krusto pastry according to directions, roll thinly and spread lightly with Bonox. Turn pastry over, roll and spread again. Do this three times altogether, then cut pastry into strips about 3 inches long and 1 inch wide. Twist a little and bake in a moderate oven for 6-10 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

That dash of Bonox works wonders for the flavour of dozens of savoury dishes—meat pies, stews, soups and gravies, so it's a GOOD THING to keep handy for your cooking.

Enjoy a steaming hot cup of Bonox for a quick pick-me-up on chilly days too. Bonox gives you a "lift" when you are cold and tired and builds up resistance to chills and 'flu.

It stimulates the flow of digestive juices and helps you to get the most out of the other foods you eat.

Sandwich Successes

A party menu isn't complete without a platter or two of tasty sandwiches, and the following sandwich suggestions only need to go along with bread and butter to be a complete success at the party.

- Slice cooked sausages very thinly and season with a smear of Bonox.

- Combine a dash of Bonox with chopped watercress or parsley.

- Blend finely minced apple, chopped dates and a dash of lemon juice.

- Take four ounces of Kraft Fish Paste with one cup of whipped cream and one dessertspoon of mayonnaise and mix thoroughly together for very tasty sandwich or savoury filling.

- Blend together four ounces of Kraft Fish Paste, one tablespoon mayonnaise, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper, salt and a little sugar to taste.

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LIVINGSTONE, M.D."

The enthralling life story of a brilliant woman doctor.

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**FISH
SPECIAL**
For Supper



NO COUPONS
NEEDED!

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

**KRAFT FISH
SAVOURIES**

4 oz. Kraft Fish Paste, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons water, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, 4 oz. Krusto, parsley sprigs.

Mix the Fish Paste and breadcrumbs together and add water, lemon juice and onion. Pepper and salt to taste. Prepare Krusto pastry according to directions—roll out thinly, cut into rounds the size of a breakfast cup. Brush round edges with water. Place small portions of the mixture on pastry and fold in half. Fry in deep fat for 2 min. or until golden brown both sides. These may be baked for 10 min. in a hot oven. If baked, glaze with egg white. Garnish with parsley.



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Dress Sense...

by Betty Keep

ALTHOUGH it is impossible for me to answer individually the letters arriving from all parts of Australia on fashion problems, I read them all carefully and every fortnight in this section I deal with problems that appear to concern many readers. So that I will know what fashion problems concern the greatest number of readers, please continue writing. Address your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

THIS week I have received a number of letters from mothers with teen-age daughters, asking for advice and help about the growing-up school-girl's wardrobe, and as I design my own teen-age daughter's clothes, and love doing it, I know a little about the modern Australian teen-ager and her requirements.

Planning a teen-ager's wardrobe, especially if the model is slim (my daughter is 5ft. 6in. and weighs 7st. 10lb.), can be lots of fun. Teen-agers taken by and large are not individualists. Most girls over 14 and under 17 need encouraging. To-day the scope of a girl's individuality is bounded only by her fancy, and I consider it is good to

encourage individuality in dress, in act, and in thought.

The average teen-ager, if she is to be suitably dressed for all occasions, needs a variety of clothes wisely and economically planned.

Most schools have regulation uniforms, so out-of-school dressing is our concern.

The most frequently worn dress in the teen-age wardrobe is the dress for general day wear. It goes to meet friends, to the movies, everywhere. For morale's sake, it is wise to see that this type of dress really suits the wearer's color and personality.

For winter, a light wool in a pastel shade can't be bettered. Cotton is good for summer, perhaps a striped gingham, check or plaid. The design depends on the wearer's proportions. Most young figures look best in easy skirts, defined waists, and a fitted bodice top.

Party wardrobe

THE party wardrobe needs at least two dresses, one floor-length and formal, and one street-length and informal. A long dress can be practical as well as glamorous. There are plenty of delicious, summery materials: filmy marquisette, organdie, crisp pique, and gingham. With care, dresses in this category can go into the wash-tub. Taffeta, too, is excellent.

The short party-dress can play several roles — movies, Saturday night outings, impromptu dances, and gramophone parties. The design can be pretty — perhaps a dress with a low, round neckline, short puffed sleeves, and a tight midriff band.

The most perfect action clothes are pedal pushers for any tough sports such as cycling or hiking, and an above-knee-length dress in white cotton for tennis.

Swimsuits, I consider, should be bought ready made; they need correct and careful styling. The exception is the two-piece romper swimsuit. This style can be successfully made in cotton by an average home dressmaker.

A coat should be all purpose. A utility one is listed under school clothes. The coat, because it is the coat, must go over day as well as evening clothes. It should be cut for warmth as well as good looks. Have the coat three-quarter-length and rather loosely cut, in a flattering color.

It is wise to encourage the young to fuss about hair, skin, and make-up. Give them sensible beauty ar-



LONG GOWN for formal dances is a must for every teen-ager.



BETTY KEEP discusses clothes and simple beauty culture with her teen-age daughter Margot.

a suit, and more practical for laundering purposes. A long overblouse reaching to just hip-length is new and smart. So is a low-necked, tuck-in blouse with cap sleeves. Have the skirt in cocoa-colored linen and the long blouse in striped cotton or rayon.

The low-necked blouse could be a print, perhaps red interlaced with black, on a beige ground.

A slim sheath-dress with a cool oval neckline is an excellent basic dress. Choose beige for the dress, and wear it with all-black or all-white accessories. In the late afternoon the dress could be worn with a print turban and gloves.

For dinner, in your own home or a friend's, a dress made in the new mid-calf length with cutaway shoulders is cool and attractive.

Pressing problem

"I HAVE become an enthusiastic home dressmaker and a fairly successful one. There is, however, a small problem worrying me, and perhaps you can help. I want to know the correct way to press a garment to achieve a really professional look."

Pressing plays a very important part in home dressmaking. The chief thing to remember is to press each seam or tuck immediately after sewing. Acquire the habit of pressing as you make; keep an iron and ironing-board handy, and a tiny ironing-pad to wear on the hand like a glove. Press, of course, means



AFTERNOON PROCK is the one a teen-ager wears most, therefore is all important.

press, not iron. You press by placing the iron on the fabric, lifting it, and placing it on again. It's a safe rule to press all materials on the wrong side, and to press all materials with the grain. Always test a small piece of the dress material to find the degree of heat best suited to the particular weave. If you are pressing a wide seam, slip a piece of paper under the edge to keep it from making an impression on the other side.



ROUNDED NECKLINE, puffed sleeves, and full skirt are suitable for short party frock.

BABY BANTERS



I have a hunch...



I'm gonna be awful sorry some day...



I ever let 'em take these pictures.



Maybe I better protest right now.

Too candid camera

By Constance Bannister

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

Page 15

For the contour that means allure — a BERLEI BRASSIERE for you. Your favourite store has them.

MARGRIT said abruptly, "I'm afraid I don't like him," and changed the subject by remarking that Dr. Ruegg's study light had just gone on.

"He often works there very late," her mother said. "But not for himself, not for money," she added in her quick little voice. She put down the brush and said good-night.

Margrit left her and went slowly to bed, but it was a long time before she slept.

The next day she had planned to join in a skating expedition with some friends, the Nageli sisters, and a friend of theirs from Neuchatel. She was dressing when Lili, the maid, shouted from downstairs that there was a telephone call for her which she could take on the extension. "Ein Amerikanischer."

"An American?" Margrit's fingers froze on the silver buttons of her sweater and she could feel the sudden, wildly hopeful throb of her heart against her throat.

"Ja. The one who was here last night, Fraulein."

"Oh," she answered dully. "Tell him I can't come to the telephone now—that I'm going out." She frowned. That sergeant certainly had a great deal of effrontery, telephoning her after last night.

The threat of more snow hung grey in the still air as, some twenty minutes later, she descended to the street. As she neared the corner she saw Bill Anthony standing by the lamp-post.

She stopped angrily, while he came toward her, his cap in his hand, an uncertain grin on his tan face.

"This is where I came in," he said. "Remember?"

"I don't think I care for a second performance," she said and started to walk past him, her skates swinging over her shoulder.

He fell into step beside her, his face sobered now.

"I'm sorry about last night," he apologised. "I was in a foul mood it so happened, and I couldn't take a practical joke. I didn't go to Lucerne to-day because I wanted to see you and tell you I was sorry. When your maid told me you were going skating, I took a cab up here hoping to catch you."

"I heard what you said about my hair," she said stiffly. "I was just going to make you wait on that corner last night. Then when it snowed, I changed my mind."

He stopped stock-still and began to laugh. Margrit could feel her face reddening. She walked on quickly, but he caught up with her in long strides.

"It served me right," he said, still laughing. "Anyway, we came out even. Now please have lunch with me. You ought to do something, you know, to make up for Lucerne."

They went by electric car to an inn at the top of the Ullenberg, a small mountain close to Zurich. The inn smelled of sausages and spiced beer and goat cheese, but they were good, cosy and warm smells. Outside the many windows the snow lay, and below spread opaque layers of fog.

"You speak English with a touch of foreign accent," the sergeant said.

"I suppose I do," Margrit admitted. "I hardly ever talk in English. Father likes us always to speak Swiss-German at home, so that Mother and I will speak like Swiss. After all we are Swiss now—Father adopted me and they changed my name then from Margaret to Margrit."

"Don't you have any American friends?"

She shook her head. "Not here. And because of the war there weren't all the English and American students at the school that there usually would have been. The foreign students were French and Italian and German."

Thinking of those days, she drew a thoughtful little line of wetness from his spilled beer on the table. "You had to be so careful not to start an argument about the war," she said.

"I suppose living in a neutral country wasn't all jam."

"Neutral!" She felt suddenly angry with him for the easy way he had said it. "Neutrality is standing holding your breath wondering when the hurricane will suck out the walls of your house. Do you think neutrality means not caring who wins? Everybody cared one way

or the other. And there's something horrible about having your country a background for intrigue and even violence."

Her voice was trembling. "You must have read about the kidnappings and the murders. The Gestapo had its agents here, everywhere. You never knew who—Neutrality," she told him, "is having a thick-necked German banker at your dinner table, hating him every minute, and being gracious because your country doesn't dare to offend him."

"You were probably a great deal more aware of intrigue and spying than most people, because of your stepfather's importance in financial deals," he hazarded.

"I suppose so. I had an experience at college..." Remembering, she could feel the old tightening around her heart.

"There was a history teacher, supposedly from Alsace, a Mademoiselle Duprez, who went out of her way to make friends with me. We got on such personal terms that I even read to her letters from home that mentioned my stepfather's sudden trips to conferences in Basel or Bern with Allied commissioners. Well—one day the Swiss Army Intelligence arrested her and sent her back to Berlin."

"That must have taken some getting over," Bill said understandingly. "After the war, it must have been like breathing fresh air here again."

"Not entirely fresh," she shuddered. "There are still plenty of people in Switzerland who oughtn't to be here, who are wanted by Allied courts or for trial as collaborators in their own countries. Sometimes one of them dies mysteriously. And the search still goes on here for hidden Axis loot and stolen or secreted formulas and patents."

All at once she wanted violently

And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 3

to push it all from her, like pushing over a table laden with dirty china.

"Why are we talking about such things?" she demanded passionately. "I hate them, I hate to think of ugly things." She took out a compact and straightened her cap as the waiter presented the check.

Bill put down the exact amount of the bill in francs. Then he said to the waiter, "Here you are, pal." He took a handful of cigarettes from his package and put them in the waiter's palm. They grinned at each other happily and the waiter said "Danke."

"I'm using the good old barter system instead of cash wherever I can," Bill explained as he got to his feet to pull back her chair. "You see, I've got to buy carved bottle-tops and musical-boxes for my sister and brother-in-law and four nephews."

"And a watch for your father," Margrit finished, smiling back at him, "and some embroidery for your mother."

"My father died when I was a kid." He reached for her coat on the back of her chair. "My mother died ten days ago. That's why they gave me this leave."

"Oh! Oh, I'm so sorry!"

She looked up quickly, compassionately, into his thin face with the evenly tanned skin, the straight, serious nose, and the little white scar on the forehead. She saw how the tight lines had settled again around his mouth, where, just now when he was talking to the waiter, there had been a blithe and ingratiating grin.

It occurred to her that gaiety was probably natural to him. She imagined his small nephews would adore him, that he'd get down on the floor and play with them and

be at home with them, the way she had noticed that he was with Peter last night. She thought that perhaps, with his well-knit figure and narrow hips, he would dance well and that he would like to dance.

She felt all these things about him, then she wondered what it was that could become dark and sardonic behind his eyes and unexpectedly savage in his voice and bitter on his lips. She felt that it was something older than this new grief, as the little scar on his forehead was older than the war.

"Did your mother die suddenly?" she asked him gently.

"Yes," he said briefly, and helped her into her jacket. They went out of the inn and into the sun and snow.

The air was surprisingly warm up here, and there was a sound of water dripping from the inn's eaves. They wandered across the snow to a parapet. There was a kind of peristyle there, its top marked with arrows pointing to the distant, now invisible peaks.

Mist lay below them, not like some floating thing, but so thick it seemed to have been built up in layers from the floor of the valley below.

"It was a nice lunch," Margrit thanked him. "I'm glad I came." And she added rather awkwardly that she hadn't really meant what she had said about not liking American soldiers.

"One of them gave you a ragged time of it, though, I suspect." He shook out one of his remaining cigarettes.

"It wasn't exactly that." She kicked at the snow with the toe of her boot. "As a matter of fact, I've never told anyone about it, not even Mother. At first I thought I'd better not, because I'd actually broken the law in helping him. Later on—well, there wasn't anything more to tell."

What's on your mind?

Money will not mend a broken heart

IT is high time we altered our breach of promise laws. Marriage has long ceased to be the only career open to a woman, and a jilted girl is no longer looked at askance by her friends.

Money cannot mend injured feelings or compensate for wounded pride, and often revenge is the only motive in a breach of promise case.

Surely the commonsense view would be to break off an engagement rather than to go on to an unhappy marriage.

Ignoring the idea of any compensation for a broken heart there should be damages for actual monetary loss, such as any money spent on a house, furnishings, household linen, or for the loss of a job.

In the State of New York, U.S.A., breach of promise actions were abolished in 1935.

And, as a writer in an English magazine recently suggested, "It is time we followed suit and stopped this waste of public time and energy in probing cases that rarely reveal more than spite, injured pride, and the desire for a mercenary revenge."

1/- to Miss June Fraser, 19 Vernon St., Glen Iris, Vic.

French custom

IN Paris, while bus passengers wait at the departure stop, they issue themselves with numbered tickets from an automatic machine. Passengers board buses by priority numbers. This system eliminates the mad rush seen in Australia's cities, and is fair to all.

5/- to Miss D. Locke, "Harmony," Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 5. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published under pen-names. Payment of 1/- will be made for first letters used, and 1/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unsolicited letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Life saver

SHOULD a plane crash, there is little chance of survival for the passengers.

However, if aircraft designers could incorporate some means whereby the pilot could jettison the passenger seats through the



bottom of the plane, lives might be saved.

Passengers could be warned by the pilot over an amplifier to don parachutes, and, if over the sea, life-preservers. Then the button could be pressed, releasing the passengers in their seats from the plane.

5/- to Mr. W. T. R. Cramp, 12 Mt. Stuart Rd., North Hobart, Tas.

Library list

I THINK it would be a great help to the public if lending-libraries had lists printed with names of books and authors and hung them up beside each shelf to show what books were there, so that people could find quickly the books they wanted.

5/- to Master Norman Jewell, Granya, via Tallangatta, Vic.

Film cuts

IF, during the present dollar crisis, we are forced to curtail our film imports, why not cut out all those second-rate films which so often we have to tolerate as supporting features?

Even if it meant only one picture and a few shorts or newscasts to each programme, most people would be pleased to have the worthwhile pictures left. In fact, I believe the cuts could be a blessing in disguise!

5/- to Miss E. Waddell, 145 High St., Taree, N.S.W.

Do we want to?

BEING a man of many travels, including Europe and the East, I have contacted nearly every nationality, and met sportswomen of all types. I have often overheard them discuss this question:

"Why are women not allowed to ride racchorses?"

I consider women should be allowed to do this, and also to enter trotting competitions.

Shall we live to see women's wishes granted and watch women galloping down the straight?

5/- to ACI Mulholland, 60 O.B.U., R.A.A.P., Morotai, via Melbourne.

Tired of it

I WONDER if other people are as tired as I am of all this fuss about child psychology. Surely if a woman is young enough to produce a child, her own childhood can't be so far away.

Therefore it seems unlikely that she has forgotten what her childhood was like. She would remember what she liked or disliked, what frightened her, what made her a good little girl, or what turned her into a little devil.

She accordingly should be able to deal with her own children.

Some mothers are only too ready to rush their children off to a psychologist when commonsense would help.

5/- to Mrs. D. Hatcher, 4 Mitchell St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

BILL lit his cigarette and threw the match up and out with a flip of his wrist and it sizzled and blackened in the snow. "I'm not trying to pry into your affairs," he said.

"I know." All at once it seemed easy to talk about it, detached up here from the world below, with a man who would be away and out of her life to-morrow. "It happened just before the end of the war," she told him.

She had been staying with one of her stepfather's sisters, who had a chalet with a lot of ground around it near Zurich—near the road that ran on to Schaffhausen and the German border. Her college term had ended early, and she had gone out to be with Aunt Anneli, because her aunt was ill in bed at the time. She had taken Peter with her.

"It was just twilight, and I had started out for a little walk with Peter. We went down a long slope behind the house; I was about to turn back, because the ground was damp, when Peter began to bark and went leaping down towards a clump of trees. I called to him to come back, but he sat down where he was and waited for me to come up to him."

She had been a little frightened conscious of the loneliness of the spot and certain someone must be behind those trees.

"Then out steps our hero," Bill said.

"He certainly didn't look heroic just then." Margrit smiled at the memory. "He was very muddy and he was wearing an old civilian coat that was much too small for him and he hadn't any hat..."

He had been tall, holding himself with the straightness of the fir tree behind him. His face was drawn with fatigue, but deeply tanned and strong-looking. There was nothing distinguishing about any of his features, but the total effect of them was disturbingly handsome.

They had regarded each other unawakened a moment. There was no sound of traffic from the road; nothing but the evening stillness and the wet, earthy odor rising from the woods. This was something, this first moment of encounter, that was too much for him to be conveyed to anyone, even to someone listening so quietly and intently.

"He tried to tell me in German that he was lost, but it was terrible German. I was sure he must be either an American or English flier who had parachuted down, so I told him I was an American, and asked him if he wasn't one. He just stared at me, of course, as though he couldn't believe it, then he said, 'You bet I'm an American. And where have you been during all my life?'"

"Oh, I know that's just a slang phrase," she said quickly. "But somehow I like to remember the first thing he said to me was so American and so—well, 'fresh,' when he was in such trouble and so exhausted."

"How'd he get the civilian clothes?" Bill asked her practically.

"A Swiss family had given them to him. He was a member of the crew of a B-29 and his plane had caught fire after bombing Munich. They had all bailed out near Schaffhausen. A Swiss border patrol had picked up all the others, he thought—except for two that didn't get clear—but he had got away." A little reminiscent smile hovered on her lips a moment.

"He had hoped to escape from Switzerland into France for another go at the Germans. He hid in a barn, the farmer found him and concealed him for a while. Then one of the farmer's sons drove him in a wagon to the outskirts of Zurich. I came across him after he had lost his way trying to take a short-cut. He had been wandering around all day."

"He was lucky he hadn't been picked up," Bill observed.

"Yes, wasn't he? I told him he'd better come into the house with me for the night and go into Zurich in daylight. So he went with me and I gave him some supper..."

Please turn to page 23



Invitation: Grand Ice Cream party at the Trocadero, at 10 a.m. on October 11th, Australia's first juvenile mannequin parade, all child show. Children 4d., Adults 2/-, Proceeds in aid of Mosman SPASTIC CENTRE. Tickets available at door on Party Day. Reservations available by writing "Trocadero," George Street, Sydney, Phone MA 6431.

**jean
durain**

OF CALIFORNIA

CACTUS COLOURS

... the desert smiled, and caught the quick eye of colour-conscious Californian designer, Jean Durain, who translated the flowering cacti shades into these sunshine colours for little girls ... Cereus Blue, Cholla Lime and Cinnebar Rust on Cloud White. Made from Hope Skillman's gleaming Sheenstripe—Sanforized and vat-dyed for lasting freshness. Available from leading stores.



AT FASHION SHOW. Mrs. Len Robb, wife of official secretary to Governor, is accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Colin Robb, when they attend "Round the Clock" fashion talk by Pierre Balmain.



AT INVESTITURE. Flight-Lieut. Arthur Bowman, R.A.A.F., and his wife in the grounds of Government House after the Governor-General, Mr. W. J. McKell, plus D.F.C. on to Arthur's uniform. Investiture is first to be held at Government House since Mr. McKell was appointed Governor-General.



FETE HELPERS. Mrs. J. Macdonald Holmes, chairman of Sydney University Settlement Fete Committee, talks over plans for function, which will be held this Saturday, September 27, with June Hazlitt, Ruth Gray, and Liska Roberts.



AT PRINCE'S. Danie Griffen and Mrs. John Bray meet at Prince's to discuss plans for Town and Country Ball, which will be held at Prince's next Monday, September 29, in aid of Smith Family.



TOAST. Barbara Cary (centre) is toasted by her sister, Mrs. Ian McLaurin (right), and Joan Allsop at engagement party at home of her mother, Mrs. Harold Cary, of Elizabeth Bay. When Barbara marries fiancé Dr. Tom Furber next year, Margaret McLaurin and Joan will be her attendants.



TWO PRETTY GIRLS. Elatne Walker Smith and Diana Brunton snapped in Hyde Park on their way to committee meeting for junior group of Kindergarten Union. Junior group arranging dinner dance to be held at Roosevelt this Sunday, September 28.



MINERVA PREMIERE. Mr. Roland Walton greets Mrs. Ernest Watt, who accompanies Mr. Randolph Churchill to opening night of "Grand National Night." Churchill gave two lectures at Sydney Town Hall during his brief stay here.

Intimate Gossipings

FEEL that many feminine members of Pierre Balmain audience at his "Round the Clock" fashion talk at David Jones come away with light hearts.

Reason being that Balmain, who is acknowledged one of world's fashion authorities and leaders, prefaces fashion comments with remark: "Don't imagine women in Paris walk in ankle-length dresses in the streets." With expressive wave of the hand Balmain adds, "That's just copy for magazines."

FEATURE of Balmain's collection is that each garment is suitable for wear in Australia by Australian women and girls. Ensembles are all "wearable" and ideas of line and style could be copied to make balanced wardrobe for most of us.

Only completely uninterested participant is Gilbert, Mrs. Deke Coleman's French poodle, who had been borrowed to parade with mannequins. He had had a special ammonia rinse to brighten his blonde coat.

Welcoming guests at cocktail party before fashion talk Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones were assisted by their schoolboy son Charles.

FLOWERS in garden of their Sutton Forest home are being specially grown for wedding of Marjorie Northcott, elder daughter of Governor, Lieutenant-General John Northcott, and Mrs. Northcott, with Major Donald Coburn, R.E.M.E., at St. Andrew's Cathedral on November 5. Donald arrives in Sydney in time for dance on October 9 given by Governor and Mrs. Northcott for their daughters and to introduce Don to Marjorie's friends.

Couple plan trip to England at end of year or beginning of next year, and will live in England.

MEET Mrs. Marcus Rex, who tells me she is busy with plans for first post-war dance of Rose Bay Convent Ex-Students' Association, to be held at Wentworth on October 2.

Hopes it will be an informal coming-out for debutante members of the Association. These new members are represented on the committee by Terry Odillo Maher, Joan Sheedy, Ruth Kirkland, Denise Carroll, Maeve Holness, and Helen McElhone.

As president of Association, Millie Rex makes history, being the first daughter in 65 years to succeed her mother (Lady Sheldon) in that position. Mrs. Rex's own daughter Marcella is still a pupil at Convent.

ELEVEN days of glorious sunshine yachting off the Cornish coast for two young Australian lasses and their R.N. husbands. In a letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Witherington, of Leura, their daughter June, wife of Lieut. H. D. Nixon, tells them that she and Lieut. and Mrs. Dan Scrutton have been having a wonderful holiday together. Mrs. Scrutton was Joan McPhee, of Sydney.

FOURTH generation to marry at St. James', King Street, is Mary Fenwicke, who will walk up aisle this Wednesday with Lee Best. Mary, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fenwicke, of Bomberly, Port Macquarie, formerly of Orandunbie, Walcha, has chosen magnolia marquisette mounted on taffeta for her wedding gown worn with matching cut tulle veil, and she will carry cream hyacinths. Bridesmaids will be Mary's sister Helen and Lee's sister Barbara.

Colin MacArthur Brown and Clive Best will attend Lee at ceremony, which will be followed by reception at Ranelagh. Couple met three years ago at Collaroy when Mary was down from the country. Lee is younger son of Mrs. Best, of Collaroy, and late Mr. Peter Best.

Mary and Lee will make home at "Tree Tops," Rouse Hill—a property on the Windsor Road.

BRIEFLY: Sudden warm days bring forth crop of new season's straw hats. Looking down from gallery at Government House when Governor-General McKell holds investiture there see Coral Williams' lovely creation of black velvet and lacy wide-brimmed cream straw. Coral proudly accompanying fiancé, Flight-Lieut. Bob MacDonald, who is presented with D.F.C. . . . Pretty Diana Jefferson will be June bride next year when she marries Alfred Saunders. . . . Gay old time is expected in Benalla when local District Memorial Hospital Carnival Committee arrange ball next Tuesday for Belle of the North-East and Judge has to choose from 36 "bellies" from district.

DID you know that all the ingredients for Princess Elizabeth's wedding cake from the Guides are already on the way to Scotland? State Commissioner in Victoria Lady Chauvel cabled the Princess, saying the Guides in Australia would like to give her the cake. The Princess was delighted and immediately cabled address of a firm of pasticcieri in Glasgow, where the ingredients are to be sent.

Every guide, ranger, and browline in Australia will be asked to give one penny, no more, to cover cost of cake, and so will have an added personal interest in the Royal wedding.

GREAT packing of Christmas food parcels by Mrs. H. J. Hampton, of Bexley, for her daughter Beryl, who is now Mrs. Albert Garland, of Grays, Essex. Beryl, who went off to England for her wedding last February, writes that she loves England. Latest packet of mail brings batch of wedding photos for her parents.

NEWS on the baby front. David and Madge Abbott decide on name of David for their first son, born recently at St. Luke's. Margaret Ann are names chosen by Marie and Bromley Mott for their first child, born at The Poplars, Epping.

Joyce

WORTH Reporting

THE first Government-sponsored training centre for nurses in England is presenting some revolutionary ideas for British nurses (writes Betty Nesbit from London).

Nurses at this centre, which is at the Stoke Mandeville Hospital, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, have their own hairdressing and beauty salon, and a ballroom where dances are held regularly.

While training, they have a day and a half off each week, and three free railway passes a year to travel to their homes.

During the first three months of their four years' training they attend school under the direction of a nurse-tutor. For this period they work only from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., may go out any or every night, and have no restrictions placed on the time they come in.

Matron Roberts, who is in charge of the training centre, says: "The girls are sensible enough not to stay out too late too often, because their work is tiring."

Matron Roberts, who during the war nursed many Australian soldiers in Egypt and the East, believes that it is the rigid discipline and drudgery of the usual training system which has made girls unwilling to take up nursing as a career.

"I was trained in a hard school myself," she said, "and I didn't like it much."

Each nurse has her own bedroom, and the quarters have an attractively furnished common-room and a room for the girls to entertain their friends.

Matron encourages the nurses to use make-up in moderation, and likes to see them looking as pretty as possible.

"That's something I wasn't encouraged to do when training," she said. "But I can see no reason why nurses should not make themselves as attractive as they can. No one objects to girls in any other career doing so."

IT'S a long time since we've seen a sign like the one now showing in the window of a cafe in William Street, Sydney—"Thirteen meal tickets for a pound."

Opal townships

SIXTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Mrs. Emma Deasy, of Kensington, N.S.W., has just revisited Lightning Ridge, the opal-mining town in north-west N.S.W., after 42 years.

This time she went in a tourist car service, the first time in a coach.

"The coaches went from Narrabri to Walgett," said Mrs. Deasy, "and we went on by sulky. Five horses, which were changed every eight miles, pulled the coaches."

"When it rained on the black soil plains you couldn't get through. You can't now, either."

"In the early days when I was there, there were only nine of us—five men, two women, and my two children, both under five."

"We lived in tents and slept on

Animal Antics



"We'll have to have that saw filed. It makes an awful racket."

stretchers made from hessian stretched on forked sticks.

"The cost of a miner's right was only 2/6 a year, and we pegged out claims a couple of hundred yards from our camp."

"It was terribly hot there. There was no grass. There isn't now. Everything is stony."

"There was hardly any water; we had to put a little in a bucket and wash in that."

"I made bread in a camp oven, and in the morning when it became too hot to bear we'd go up to where the men were and take them tea in a billy, and cakes."

"Down the mine was the only cool place," Mrs. Deasy added. "It wasn't very deep, but it was cooler than being on the surface."

"You mightn't have heard of some of these terms used by opal miners. 'Noodling' was what they called sifting the dirt thrown up from the mine, and 'potch' is a clear stone. It's no good itself, but it shows that there's opal around."

The life was hard. Mrs. Deasy lost one of her children. She decided eventually to come to the city.

Now, after 42 years, she went back just for a look. She found houses, a hotel, two stores, and about 150 people. But on the whole, apart from motor transport, she didn't think it had changed much.

Royal driver

PRINCESS ELIZABETH is now an owner-driver. She has an 18 h.p. car with registration number H.R.H. 1. And the Princess herself is very often at the wheel.

Hitherto the Princess has used a black saloon car from the Royal Mews, which the King and Queen use for private engagements.

The Princess is a careful and considerate driver. She took a course of driving at the A.T.S. training centre in the south of England, and for the first time "the hands of a daughter of the reigning sovereign were soiled with car-oil and go a r - grease."

writer one of her biographers. In South Africa she drove one of the small Daimlers back from a swim at the seaside.

But her first ride was in a toy car, with power supplied by a battery operated by a foot pedal, which Princess Elizabeth drove round the grounds at Glamis, later parking it in the castle garage.

World Chief Guide

LADY BADEN-POWELL, World Chief Guide, now visiting Australia, has been travelling almost continuously since the war, to visit Girl Guides in as many countries of the world as possible.

Her first tour after the war included France, Belgium, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Liechtenstein (one of the smallest independent sovereign States in Europe).

In 1946 she visited Mexico, Cuba, Jamaica, Barbados, and British Guiana. From there she went to the United States of America, Canada, and Newfoundland.

"During that tour I averaged three functions a day, never spent more than four days in one place for eight months, and flew 17,000 miles," she said.

"I returned to England for a few weeks, and then hopped across to France, Holland, Switzerland, and Czechoslovakia."

Lady Baden-Powell has visited Australia twice before—in 1931, when she and the late Lord Baden-Powell visited all the States, and again in 1933 for the Jamboree.

THE Lowestoft Repertory Company, Suffolk, England, has a little note printed in the programme: "Will patrons please assist the artists by lowering their ice-cream tubs to the floor as gently as possible during the intervals? The 'plops' can be most disconcerting."

Origin of a fad

ALL our lives we have insisted that when tea is poured the milk be poured in first.

Though we would not like to have sworn it in a court of law, we believed it was because the tea tasted better that way.

Recently, in reading some anecdotes about the introduction of tea to England, we discovered that at first it was served in the Chinese fashion in tiny porcelain cups without handles. The milk was put in first so that the boiling tea would not crack the fine porcelain.

Famous clown

CARTOONIST Kerwin Macgrath tells us that the Swiss-born clown Grock, now in his late sixties, is thinking of following his successful Paris "comeback" with a visit to Australia.

Grock has his envelopes adorned by a caricature of himself, which Macgrath drew in Paris some years ago.

During the war Grock, long known as "The World's Greatest Clown," performed only for wounded soldiers, but this year he returned to the circus ring with tremendous success.

While playing at London's huge Coliseum Theatre some years ago, the clown was visited backstage by George Bernard Shaw.

Overwhelmed by the compliment, Grock said, "I am deeply honored that you, Mr. Shaw, should pay me, poor old Grock the clown, a visit."

"Rubbish," replied Shaw. "Just one old clown visiting another."

Tip for speakers

IT is hard to realise that in his early days as a public figure Mr. Winston Churchill was a faltering, nervous speaker.

One day, when driving with Lord Salisbury to address a public meeting at Manchester, the latter said to him: "Feeling nervous, Winston?"

Churchill admitted that he was. The old man said, "Try my recipe for that and you won't feel nervous at all. Whenever I get up to address a meeting I stand silent and give the audience a good look-over and I say to myself 'What a lot of silly fools they are.'"

"That puts me in the right frame of mind."

Winston Churchill has a way of looking up from his papers and over the top of his glasses at the audience, said to be a hangover from the days he used Lord Salisbury's cure for nervousness.



Everyone pays homage to
RINSO'S THICKER RICHER SUDS
for *SPEEDY* washing-up



"A Godsend to us" . . . bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.
She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS come from all corners of the Empire

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain. . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them. . . ."—Mrs. L.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the cause of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.



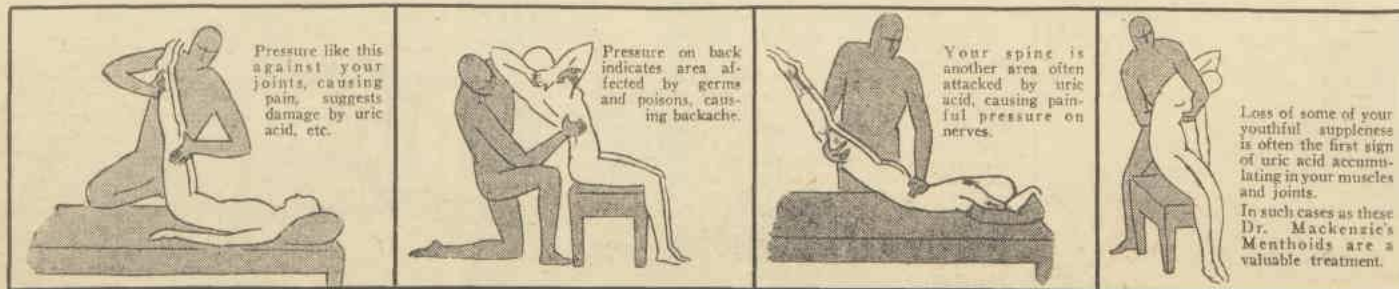
Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney
and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune comes the way of Librans, Gemini-ans, and Aquarians now, with the emphasis on promotions, friendship, and romance.

Sagittarians benefit somewhat also, but Arians, Cancerians, and Capricornians should be cautious and avoid discord and worry.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other states as below:-

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid partings and losses this week, and be discreet and patient. Sept. 23, 24, and 25 all adverse, so keep to routine tasks.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Consolidate recent gains on Sept. 23 and 24, then live quietly. Sept. 25 (to dusk) fair, but rest of week requires caution.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep busy, and seek gains, friendships, and romance this week. Sept. 25 (evening), 26, and 27 all excellent.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Difficulties ahead now, so avoid arguments and worry. Sept. 23, 24, and 25 all adverse, so keep to routine tasks.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Dodge trouble this week and keep to routine tasks. Sept. 25 (late), 26, and 27 all poor, but conditions improve slightly next week.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Finalise important matters on Sept.



"I hope he is in a good mood to-day."

27 or 24 if possible, and then live quietly. Sept. 25 (to dusk) fair, but rest of week poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Good days ahead for romance, friendship, and new business, but avoid over-confidence. Sept. 23 and 24 poor; 25 (evening), 26 and 27 all very good.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Un-pleasant days now. Sept. 23, 24, and 25 (to dusk) all fair, but rest of week poor. Routine tasks prove best now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Good fortune likely now, but avoid impatience. Sept. 26 and 27 very fair, rest of week unhelpful.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): A hard week. Work hard Sept. 23 and 24, which are favorable. Rest of week poor, so postpone new ventures or decisions.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Success and happiness possible now, but avoid moodiness or extravagance. Sept. 25 (evening), 26, and 27 all excellent for romance, change, and legal gains.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Slight improvement in conditions now, but routine tasks still prove best. Sept. 23 and 24 fair for minor matters.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 35-44.
BUTTER: 31-32.
MEAT: Black, 71-77; green, 81, 82, 87.
CLOTHING: 1-56 current.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, set off on the yacht *Argos*, owned by wealthy explorer **COLONEL BARTON:** Who is searching for the rare, flame-colored pearls. His daughter **BETTY:** Is also on board. Crew members led by unscrupulous ship's captain **BECKER:** Plan to kill Barton once the pearls

are found. In the tropics a storm bursts, and the *Argos* is pulled towards the rocks of an island by a strange magnetic power. Mandrake decides that he will investigate the island, and with Lothar, Barton, and Betty sets out in a rubber raft. They reach the island safely, but Barton cries out that he cannot move his feet. NOW READ ON:



"At last - my Silver Fox"

"—but there was a time when I thought we'd never get much out of life . . ."



AT THE DOCTOR'S



Mr. Wilson, your symptoms indicate "**NIGHT STARVATION**". You probably don't realise it, but while you sleep you must replace energy lost during the day. Even during the night your heart and lungs continue their work. Naturally, unless this energy is replaced, you're bound to wake tired.... become nervy. I recommend **HORLICKS**

LATER



Each glass of Horlicks* before bed gives you . . .

Protein — essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place, and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities is not made good.
Fat — almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also of

vitamins A and D.
Carbohydrate — chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of great value to young children.
Mineral Salts — to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

*Made with milk.

Calcium — of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.
Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ and D — each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.



HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

VIVID memory came back of thick, hot soup and black bread and goat cheese in the clean, friendly kitchen, where a clock painted with fat pink roses ticked easily. Her aunt's maid had gone home because her brother was on leave from the border troops, so they were alone together at the scoured wooden table.

It was all such an out-of-the-world adventure that she, who was usually awkward with strangers, might have known him forever.

"Try the honey on your bread, Mr.—uh—"

"Call me Mac, won't you? Everybody does." He grinned at her, holding his spoon suspended above the steaming bowl. "I'd like to call you good American Maggie."

That was how it had happened—about not getting his name.

She had fixed a tray of bread, mint tea and honey, and taken it up to her aunt, keeping silent about the visitor in the house. He helped her clear up the kitchen and then she got blankets to make a bed for him on the parlor sofa. But he hadn't gone to bed all that night and neither had she.

They had a little wood to make a fire in the fireplace. Later, as the night grew colder, they sat on the hearth with the blankets wrapped around them, and with Peter sleeping snuggled between them as they talked.

After a while rain fingered the diamond-shaped windowpanes, the fire had died down, and the shadows huddled in the corners of the stiff parlor as though they were cold.

But she hadn't been cold. She began to know the miracle that was happening to her—that she was never going to feel cold or alone in her dreams, or alien in a land—never, never any more.

"After supper we talked all night," was the way she put it, telling about it now. "Most of the time he talked about America. You see, he was so homesick."

Her mittened hands had grown chilled, and she folded her arms together with her hands under her armpits. The mist was rising now, forming vague shifting shapes.

"Oh, I know you'll say there isn't

And Then He Went Away

such a thing as love at first sight

"Not me," Bill denied. "Even the advanced psychologists admit it's a possibility now. They call it a sudden recognition of the ego-model. I studied psychology in a night class," he added. He scooped up a handful of snow from the top of the parapet. "So you talked all night. Then what happened? Or is there a row of asterisks?"

"Oh, no," she shook her head. "He didn't touch me until he went away after breakfast. Then he took me in his arms and kissed me. He told me not to mention his escape, and that he'd get a message to me as soon as he was over the border. And when the war was over he'd come for me, we'd be married, and live in America."

Her voice shook. She paused, then went on. "I gave him a bicycle that had belonged to my uncle, who had died in the winter. You see, the farmer who had helped him had helped other downed American fliers. He had a friend in Zurich to whom he sent them and who could smuggle them over into France. Mac was going to the man in Zurich when he rode away."

"Pedalling down the straight road, then taking one hand from the handle-bars to turn and wave to her early. Then he was only a dim shape seen through her rushing tears. Oh, I'll be waiting, no matter how long it is, I'll be waiting, my dear love!"

"And then what?" Bill was forming the snow into a hard ball in his bare hands, tactfully looking away from her.

"Then—nothing," she said. Nothing and nothing and less than nothing.

"You never heard anything at all?"

"Not a word." She turned away from the parapet and the weight was on her shoulders like snow heavy on the inn's roof.

"I didn't know how to find out whether anything had happened to him, because—and you won't believe this—I can't remember his last name. We were both so upset

Continued from page 16

when he left that it didn't occur to either of us that I really didn't know it. And, you see, all our plans were about how he would get in touch with me."

"He could have forgotten your name." He threw the ball over the parapet, a hard, clean throw.

"But I told him where I lived, the name of my stepfather's bank, and everything." She knew the sound of what she was saying, but now she denied it just as her heart did. "I know what you're thinking—that he didn't mean a word he said, and promptly forgot me. But you see I don't believe that. I know it isn't so. I believe that something happened to his mind, or that he was killed in trying to join the French."

"I believe that too. I don't know exactly why, but I do," he said gently. She had thrown her hands up to her eyes, pressing her fingers against her eyeballs, and he reached up and put his hands over hers. "Maybe there's some way of checking up on him, even with only a nickname to go by. Anyway, I'm going to take a stab at it. I got an idea while you were talking."

MARGRIT looked up, and as their eyes met she experienced a sense of shock. It was a sense of suddenly touching each other for the first time. Until this moment she had had certain reactions toward him; of pique down on the Bahnhofstrasse, of bafflement at their house last night, of rage when he had kissed her, and compassion when he had told her about his mother.

But all these had been fundamentally impersonal reactions. Now it was as though, looking into each other's eyes, they said, "You're Margrit and I'm Bill and we're both reticent and sensitive people and we're both unhappy."

"What happened to you, Bill?" Behind them the inn door opened and two couples came out, laughing

loudly. One of the men chased one of the girls up to the parapet almost beside them, threatening to wash her face with snow.

The moment, the contact was gone. Bill was looking at his watch, reminding her of the time. She had told him she was to meet her mother and stepfather for dinner, because Lili was going to look after her sick sister. They moved away silently from the parapet.

Snow began falling while Margrit and her parents were at dinner in a restaurant. It had attained nearly the force of a blizzard by the time they reached home. Conrad Krollner opened the door and walked on ahead, switching on the hall lights. Margrit, following, heard Peter, who had been left in the basement, barking furiously. His bark sounded curiously hoarse.

"Conrad!" Her mother had gone into the parlor to remove her hat and her voice came to them now sharp with alarm. "There's been someone in the house!"

Margrit ran to the parlor door, and saw at once the table drawer pulled out and lying on the floor. "Someone in the house?" her stepfather whispered huskily.

There it was: the drawer on the floor, the table cover that had been embroidered by the first Frau Krollner half dragged off the table. There was the fact of it, but still they stared at it as though at some crazy surrealist still life, unable to accept mentally the fact of criminal hands jerking at the table cover and the drawer.

Then Conrad Krollner whirled around and went straight to the library. He moved very fast for a big man. Margrit and her mother, following, found him behind his big desk. The drawers had all been pulled out and left that way.

"They didn't open the wall safe," Margrit observed.

"No, they may not have discovered it behind the screen," her stepfather said. He was picking up papers that had slipped to the floor, and Margrit noticed that they rattled in his hands.

Continuing . . . One Weak Link

from page 4

lying there, perhaps badly injured."

Sergeant Parker stirred. "Well, I've left word for Collins to inform the ambulance and arrange for tackle to be sent up," he replied, "but it's a dangerous and lengthy job even in daylight. We had a similar accident here some years ago, and it proved an all-day job to bring up the wreck. Of course, the improved equipment they have nowadays will no doubt shorten the business considerably. Let's hope so anyway."

He added shortly: "But I'm afraid you can forget any hopes you may have of his being alive, Mr. Grant. No one could survive that drop."

"All the same," Grant began, when the sergeant interrupted him to say, "But you can rest assured that we'll do our best. Tell me, did Mr. Thompson appear to be driving at all erratically, or fast? With all due respect to him, I suppose you were aware of his predilection to alcohol?"

"Well, we all were, Sergeant," Grant replied. "But Jeff was a good driver and I've never known him to have had an accident."

"That may be, sir," the sergeant interposed, "but he'd been in trouble with us quite frequently for speeding and driving under the influence."

Just as if I'd put the words in his mouth, thought Grant. Then his headlights picked out the splintered rails ahead, and he drew the car to a stop.

"Just drop back a little and leave your lights burning, would you, Mr. Grant," Parker said, and levered his bulky form out of the car as Grant obeyed his request.

They both walked over to the edge and peered down into the darkness. As the sky was lit by a sudden flash of lightning both men caught a momentary glimpse of a twisted mass of metal far below. Grant shuddered, despite himself, and heard the policeman mutter under his breath.

As Parker started to say, "We'll have to—," a car came up to pull in behind Grant's and a constable got out to join them. The newcomer saluted the sergeant and nodded recognition to Grant's "Good night."

"Came along as soon as I got your message, sir," he said, addressing Parker. "The ambulance should be along soon prepared to stand by all night, and I've made arrangements with the garage for lifting-tackle suitable for the job to be here within an hour."

"Good work, Collins. You must have come in just as I left," replied the sergeant. "There's not much we can do until the stuff arrives now."

The constable suggested that they walk back and wait in the patrol car, a suggestion welcomed by both. Switching on the interior lights, the sergeant produced his notebook again, and after Grant had answered several routine questions to his satisfaction he closed the book with a snap and leaned back to puff at the cigarette which Grant had offered.

Twenty minutes went by, and the sergeant again produced his notebook and perused the items he had already jotted down.

"The morning will do to notify Thompson's nearest relatives," he observed, "as you say he lived alone

and had no one close to him in the district, Mr. Grant."

"That's correct," Grant replied. "As far as I know, Jeff's people lived somewhere in the country, as I told you."

But he did have someone close to him, he thought, but you don't know that. Someone who'll be unable to show anything more than the usual regret at the loss of a friend who meets a violent death. Someone who'll suffer in silence until she forgets.

A long grey van came up the hill, travelling fast, and as the driver saw the parked vehicles and the splintered fence he slowed to a stop beside them. Two heavily wrapped figures alighted, and as Collins put his head out and called to them they approached the patrol car.

Grant was introduced, and the ambulance men joined the others already ensconced inside. With the arrival of the newcomers, discussion about the job ahead was renewed, and Grant found himself wishing they'd stop talking about it. It was getting on his nerves.

The atmosphere inside the car became heavy with cigarette smoke, and as Collins wound down the window the throbbing of a laboring motor became apparent. A large truck ground past them and swung around to reverse to the edge of the cliff.

Please turn to page 26

To be continued

THE sergeant had now picked up pencil and paper, and as Grant concluded, he spoke: "Now, Mr. Grant, calm yourself, and let me have all the details, please. Young Mr. Thompson, eh, you said? Now, what time did this occur?"

"About half an hour ago," Grant replied. "I stopped, of course, but couldn't see a thing, so I came straight back here."

The sergeant glanced at the wall clock, and made another note.

"Well, there's not much chance of him being alive; the cliff must be all of a hundred feet there. Can't say I'm surprised, though, the way Thompson drove."

Grant nodded, and thought to himself so far, so good.

"Terrible thing, though," the sergeant went on. "I'll have to go up there immediately. I'll leave a note for the patrol when he comes in, and I wonder if you'd be so good as to run me up, as you'll be going back that way, Mr. Grant? Collins can follow on as soon as he arrives here and gets my message."

"Of course, Sergeant," Grant replied. "Under the circumstances, I'm only too willing to be of assistance in any way I am able. Jeff Thompson was a personal friend of mine, and this has been a great shock to me, as you can well understand."

The sergeant nodded sympathetically, and, donning his greatcoat and cap, threw a last look at the fire that blazed comfortably in the otherwise bare and forbidding room. "Well, Mr. Grant, if you're ready,"

Grant paused to light a cigarette and followed him out of the room to his waiting car, and swinging around in the deserted street set off in the direction of the cliff road again.

"Will you be able to reach the foot of the cliff to-night, Sergeant?" he asked, casting a quick glance at the stolid figure beside him. "I hate to think of poor Thompson

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



**From the
soap box . . .**

THEY ALL HAVE A CURE



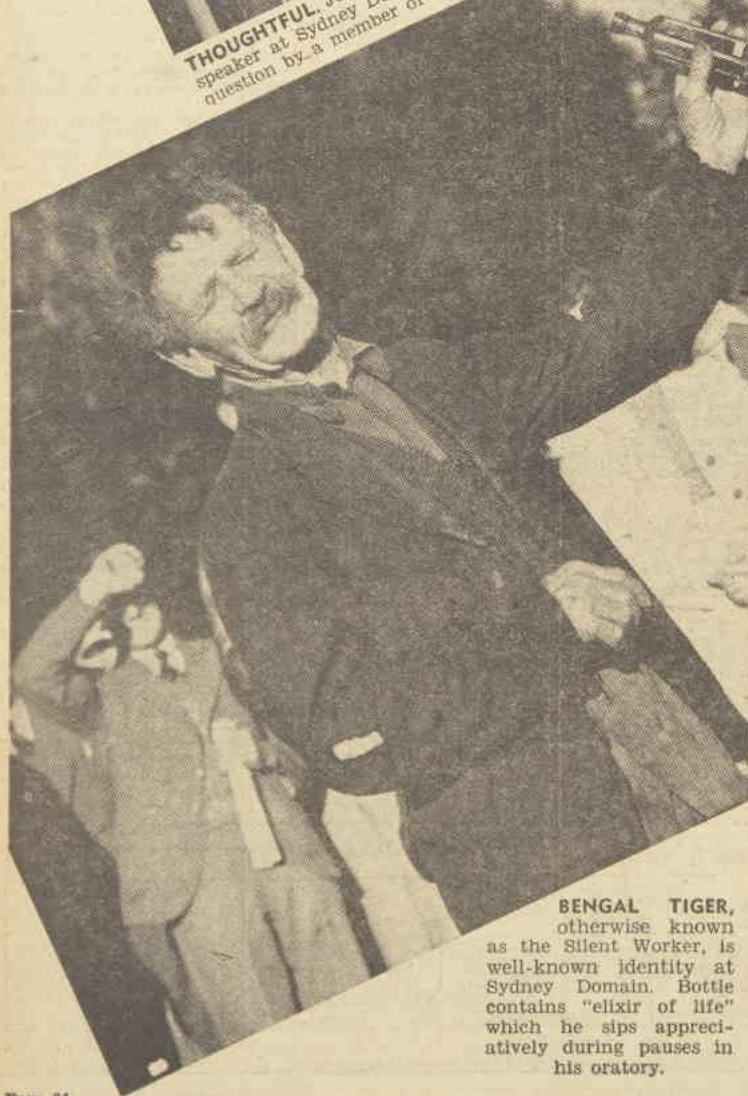
THOUGHTFUL John Hetherington, religious speaker at Sydney Domain, gives ear to a question by a member of his big audience.

"MAN is the sickest animal on earth." Dietitian at the Domain warms up to subject of health and vitamins, assisted by chart.

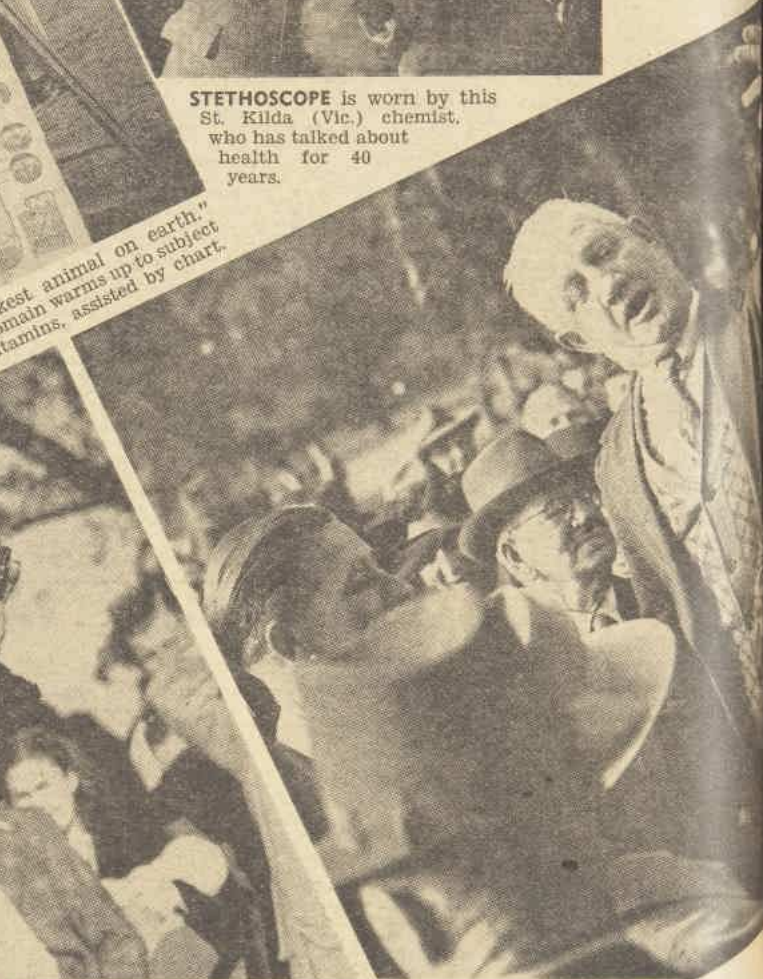


STETHOSCOPE is worn by this St. Kilda (Vic.) chemist, who has talked about health for 40 years.

EVERY Sunday gathered at the Botanical Park speaker has a lot of problems. All of them are about politics and the audience has been heckling, a number of any speaker can't get the crowd you, you're a speaker. "You're just wasting your breath and your time."



BENGAL TIGER, otherwise known as the Silent Worker, is well-known identity at Sydney Domain. Bottle contains "elixir of life" which he sips appreciatively during pauses in his oratory.



RAGTIME VERSION of popular hymns is specialty of Ada Greenop. She is known as "Bible-punching Ada," has been speaking for 20 years.

FUEL

FOR THE WORLD'S ILLS

Afternoon for many years the soap box orators have made the most of the rights of free speech. Every possible cure for one of the world's many ills is a ladder, a good pair of lungs, a megaphone, and a point on anything from health to the success of an audience. The speaker, too, with interjections and interruptions, "If you would to heckle me," one would expect.

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INVITES ALL SPEAKERS IRRESPECTIVE OF
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"OLD BOB" at Sydney Domain claims to be leading Bible lecturer. Is a member of Waterside Workers' Federation and a Professor of Economics.

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET is put forward as a solution for international peace by Mrs. Christine Arden, from the People's Platform at the Domain.



CHANT Arnold Payne, of Fitzroy (Vic.), is strongly anti-calls interjectors who disagree with his views "comrats."



REGULAR VISITORS

to Yarra Bank for 40 years, Messrs. Arthur Gillam and Robert Mann deplore falling off in oratory.



EVANGELIST David Greatorex was converted by George Bowtell (right) who has been Apostolic Christian Mission Yarra Bank speaker for 59 years.



APOSTLE OF ANARCHY, 84-year-old Mr. J. W. Fleming has shown red flag marked "Anarchy" on Yarra Bank for 50 years, predicts comeback for anarchists.

PARKER

started to leave the car, and said, "Looks as though we'll get somewhere now."

The others followed his lead, and left the shelter provided by the patrol car, and with heads bent low to avoid the stinging rain, stood in a group as the sergeant apprised the truck crew of his requirements.

Powerful spotlights illuminated the scene, and Grant stood beside the sergeant as he watched a long steel arm attached to the winch on the truck by practised hands. The storm continued with unabated violence, rapidly saturating all of them.

Grant swore and shook water from his dripping hat, and Parker said, "No need for you to wait here now, you know, Mr. Grant, unless you wish to. We've got some hours of hard, unpleasant work ahead of us, and if I were you I'd go home and get some sleep."

"That's all right, Sergeant," Grant replied, nevertheless smothering a yawn. "but I think I will get away, just the same. Care to come up to the house for a cup of coffee? It's only a mile from here."

"Thanks all the same, Mr. Grant," Parker replied, "but I'll have to remain here now until we get him up. I'll be calling on you to-morrow, of course, and I'll be needing you at the inquest."

Grant nodded, and wishing the sergeant good-night, drove off with a wave to the others.

Back at the house he poured himself a stiff whisky, and for a long time sat lost in thought before the window, gazing out into the night.

Presently his hands hurt, and he realised with a start that he'd risen out of his chair without knowing it, and stood gripping the window-sill with unnatural force. He poured himself another stiff whisky, and went to bed.

At one o'clock Sergeant Parker heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the cable run out from the winch to dangle at the edge of the precipice.

"Won't be long now, sir," Collins said, as he watched his superior strip off his overcoat and shiver involuntarily as the beating rain swept about him. Parker saw the harness fixed to the end of the cable and the stretcher attached, and fitting the former about his bulky person, waved to the operator. Gears were engaged, and the others watched him swung out over the edge.

"I'll give you one blink when I

One Weak Link

Continued from page 23

reach the bottom, Collins," he said to the constable, "and two when I'm ready to come up."

"Right you are, sir," Collins replied, and as the cable slowly paid out, saw the form of his superior gradually disappear into the darkness below.

After some time had elapsed, while the watchers above stood expectantly gazing down, and the winch slowly paid the cable, they saw a single flash of light directed upwards towards them. The tension relaxed and Collins said, "Well, he's made it, but I'm glad I'm not in his shoes. Stripes carry a lot of disadvantages sometimes."

His companion murmured agreement, and as the winch motor idled in neutral, the driver joined the group and addressed Collins, who was evidently known to him: "I'll be glad when we get him up, anyway, Tom. Wouldn't be surprised if we all end up in bed for a week after to-night."

"You might be right at that, Ted," Collins replied. "Why he couldn't pick a better night beats me. Thompson's been driving up here half shot for ages in all weathers, and always came through. Guess he must've been a bit worse than usual to-night."

"Wonder how Mrs. Grant will take this," the man continued. "They reckon she was pretty friendly with this Thompson fellow."

Collins looked up sharply and said: "Who told you that?"

"I didn't have to be told, it's been common property for months. I've seen 'em in town together myself," the man replied.

"Well, Grant certainly didn't seem to have any animosity towards Thompson," the constable said. "Just the reverse, judging from what he said while we were waiting for you chaps to turn up."

"Probably didn't know anything about it himself," was the rejoinder. "The husband never does."

"I wouldn't spread that about, anyway," advised the constable. "Thompson's dead now, and Mrs. Grant will most likely want to forget the whole business. Thompson was the type to encourage any woman, and in all probability she was just one of many, with nothing serious to it."

Down below, Parker unstrapped the harness, and slipped out of it, as he felt the cable become still in answer to his signal. Pulling his coat up around his head he cast the beam of his torch about the uneven, projecting shelf on which Thompson's car had fallen.

Picking his way gingerly over the broken rocks, and cursing heartily as he scraped his shin, he finally saw the twisted mass of wreckage wedged in a shallow crevice. Climbing over it, he directed the beam of his flashlight inside, and saw Thompson's body crushed between the flattened steel roof and the engine, which had been pushed by the impact back into the body of the car.

Parker saw at a glance the futility of trying to get it out single-handed, and reasoned that in all probability they'd have to cut the steel away to remove it. He made his way with difficulty back across the rocks, and hearing the cable clank as it swung slowly to and fro against the rocks, located it without any trouble.

Donning the harness again, he sent two short flashes to the watchers above, and felt himself lifted smoothly into the air.

As Parker reached the top, willing hands assisted him out of the cradle, and in answer to surprised inquiries on beholding the empty stretcher, he described what he had seen.

"So it looks like another trip down to-night," he concluded. "We can't leave the body there. Should have taken the hooks or whatever you've got down the first time, and we'd have saved the necessity for a second trip. I thought that if we could have got the body up, we'd have left the wreck till to-morrow and done the job in daylight, but we're out of luck. What about it, Collins? Feel equal to a trip down?"

Collins grimaced at the prospect of a journey into the blackness that fell away before him, but didn't wish

on the sergeant or anyone else a second descent such as the one from which Parker had just returned, and soon found himself dangling some fifty feet down, and fervently wishing he was back again on the solid ground.

Reaching the bottom, he waited until some sixty feet of the cable fell slack about his feet, and dragging the end with him, scrambled across the rocks as Parker had done earlier.

Glancing into the smashed car, he felt slightly nauseated as he beheld all that remained of Jeff Thompson, and made haste to attach the hooks to either end of the wreck. As he completed this task he signalled to those above, and stood off as the cable tautened and strained.

To the accompaniment of a tearing and scraping of metal that set his teeth on edge, Collins watched the machine jerk out of the crevice and drag across the uneven surface, shedding scraps of metal as it went.

Several times he was obliged to lever away rock as the wreck became jammed, and the cable strained to breaking point. Then as it reached the foot of the cliff he climbed on to it, and securing a firm hold on the cable felt the broken mass beneath him drawn into the air.

Collins reflected that he could think of a lot more pleasant occupations than riding up a hundred-foot vertical cliff like this, and felt devoutly thankful when the figures of Parker and the garage men loomed out of the night above him.

Thompson's car was swung on to the flat trailer behind the hoist-truck on Parker's directions, and the still-falling rain hissed and sizzled as it struck the bright blue flame of an oxy-acetylene cutter that one of the workmen wielded over the wreck.

Within twenty minutes a large section was prised away, and the twisted body was pulled clear between the edges of steel that still smoked faintly where the cutting torch had last made contact with it.

Parker watched the ambulance officers load the body on to a stretcher, and place it in the ambulance.

"The doctor will be over in the morning for the usual routine examination," he said. "In the meantime, you know what to do." He waved good-night as the vehicle swung around and set off back towards the town.

Turning to the man in charge of the truck, he issued his final instructions, and entering the patrol car with Collins, he set off towards the town. On the way back, Parker produced a pipe and sat huddled in one corner, yawning prodigiously. Collins noted his senior's attitude, and concentrated on his driving, made difficult by the water that streamed down his windshield.

As they ran through the outskirts of the town, Parker stirred.

"Straight home, Collins," he said. "I'm through with work for to-night. You'd better pick me up about five o'clock in the morning, and as soon as I've made out a report we'll run up and have a look at the scene by daylight."

At nine o'clock next day, the sergeant and Collins headed once more for the cliff top, and as they climbed the hill saw Grant's convertible parked near the shattered fence.

"Good morning, Sergeant. Morning, Collins," Grant greeted them, as the two police officers left their car and approached him. "I see you managed to get poor Thompson's car up."

"We did," Parker replied. "Quite a job, too. Had to cut the thing away to get the poor devil out of it."

"I still can't realise he's gone," Grant muttered. "Jeff was such a likeable fellow, and although he was a lot younger than I, we were great friends. He'll be badly missed. I can assure you, although he may have been a source of annoyance to you occasionally."

"I don't hold that against him now, Mr. Grant," Parker replied.

"I'll get in touch with his people myself to-day," Grant went on, "and do anything they wish to be done." He intended to spare no effort to



"My cousin is just taking me to the movies, Alfred. Don't be so dramatic—you are not being cast aside like a withered flower."

convince everyone of his regard for the dead man.

"We're trying to fix the inquest for to-morrow morning, Mr. Grant," said Parker, "but there's no certainty about it yet. Happenings that require the services of a coroner aren't frequent in these parts, and we'll have to bring one in from outside. We'll let you know as soon as we get something through on it."

"I'll be available whenever you want me, Sergeant," Grant replied, "and I suppose I'd better get along now, or I'll only be hindering you. Give me a ring if I can be of any assistance." He drove off.

After his departure, both officers turned their attention to the cliff, which looked just as forbidding in the strong sunlight as it had the night before, and both reflected that perhaps it had been as well they'd been unable to see the depth and sheerness of the drop when they'd gone down in the darkness.

"Lucky that shelf of rock down there goes out so far, sir," Collins said. "Otherwise he'd have landed in the sea, and made the job of recovery a hundred per cent. more difficult for us. I'll wager Grant will be doubly careful every time he takes that curve in the dark from now on."

"You know, Collins," The sergeant had been gazing out over the cliff lost in thought while Collins had been speaking. "You know, I don't like that fellow Grant. Too smooth and oily for my liking. Somehow, his protestations of great sorrow about Thompson's death seem overdone. May be quite wrong, of course; perhaps I'm just prejudiced."

"Funny you should say that, sir," Collins replied. "Last night while you were down below, one of the garage men told me that Thompson had been carrying on with Mrs. Grant. At first, I discredited the story, but he insisted he was right, and said he'd seen them together himself."

"Is that so?" A note of interest crept into Parker's voice. "Then, if that's correct, Grant's attitude is certainly out of keeping with the circumstances. If I was in his shoes, I'd be congratulating myself. I've got no time for those sort of fellows. And that's just the sort of thing Thompson would get up to. But what's the explanation of Grant's concern? Why try to give us the impression that he thought so much of Thompson?"

He frowned thoughtfully. "Anyway, Collins, better check on that. If there's nothing in it, then we'll have to admit that Grant's sentiments are genuine and not assumed. Let's get finished here now, and we'll get away."

He walked over to the fallen fence, and stood leaning on a broken post, his eyes roving over the surrounding ground.

"Funny thing, Collins," the sergeant said at length, "hardly any glass about here. You'd expect a lot after an accident like that; headlamp lenses and windscreen must have been smashed to smithereens, but where's the bits?"

ALFRED

Collins joined him in his scrutiny of the cliff edge.

"Few pieces, there, sir," he said, walking over to the extreme edge, and stooping to pick up a few fragments of heavy glass. "And here's another," he went on, evidently pleased to find something his superior had overlooked. This time, he added a fragment of curved ruby glass to the scraps he already held in his hand, and presented them to Parker.

"Hmmm, looks like the heavy stuff they use in windows," Parker examined the pieces. "This red bit would be out of the tail-light, no doubt, but where's the rest?"

"The windows in the cars to-day don't shatter easily, sir," the constable volunteered.

"The windows in Thompson's car would," Parker corrected him. "Don't forget he was driving fairly fast, according to Grant."

"Well, all I can say is," Collins finished, "it must have all been thrown back into the car; that would account for some of the gashes in his face, and the rest over the cliff."

Please turn to page 28

Blessed Relief from THROBBING TIRED FEET!



There's good money in this photography game—but after a day on crowded pavements, I was ready to chuck it! My feet were in agony.



Going home, the conductress noticed me limping. "Tired feet?" she said, "Use Rexona Ointment. It gives me wonderful relief!"



She seemed so confident. I decided to try Rexona. After bathing, I massaged my feet with it. It was amazing how quickly the painful throbbing ceased.

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IN PACKETS OF 12 OR DOUBLE SIZE FAMILY PACKETS OF 24



One Weak Link

Continued from page 26

PUTTING the glass into his handkerchief and stuffing it into his pocket, Parker observed, "Anyway, it's not so important. Let's get back to the station. The doctor's report should be ready by now, and we'll see what Jeffries has been able to do about the inquest."

Parker found the doctor's report on his desk when he and Collins entered the station, and bidding "Good morning" to another constable busy typing at his table, sat down to read it through.

"Not much here," he observed, as he finished reading, and laid down the report. "Thompson received multiple injuries, each in itself capable of causing instant death, all of which we knew."

He passed the document over to Collins, and when the constable had scanned through it, he handed it back and said, "Will you be needing me for a while, sir? If you aren't, I thought I'd go and check on the Thompson-Mrs. Grant angle."

"Good idea," replied the sergeant, and Collins left the station.

After he had gone, Parker sat for a long time in thought, toying with the scraps of glass he had deposited on the desk before him. For all his apparent stolidity, Parker was not an unimaginative man, and after what Collins had told him regarding Thompson's affairs with Mrs. Grant, which he was quite willing to believe, Grant's attitude puzzled him.

Presently he lit his pipe, and as he shook out the match the germ of an idea, which caused him to hold the blackened stem suspended, entered his head. "It could be!" he breathed. "Incredible as it seems!"

"Beg pardon, sir?" came from the constable at the typewriter.

"The lack of glass, Mrs. Grant, and he wouldn't. It'd run downhill. Nothing, Jeffries, nothing." He waved aside the con-

stable's inquiry. "Get me the local garage on the phone. Go on, man, hurry," as the constable continued to sit and watch the sergeant's excitement.

Jeffries rose, and stammering an apology, dialled the number requested.

Parker took the phone when the number answered. "Hello," he said. "Sergeant Parker here. Send over a mechanic, and have him bring some tools. No, an hour won't do; this is official business. I want him right away. Yes, I'll be waiting. Right. Good-bye."

He hung up. Then he left the room, and went out into the yard at the back of the station, and stood gazing at the remains of Thompson's car, until Jeffries ushered a young man in grease-stained overalls out to him.

Indicating the wreck, the sergeant gave the mechanic his instructions, with the result that he departed again, to return in fifteen minutes, through the wide gates at the end of the yard, in a vehicle equipped with a towing crane. Backing up to the smashed car, he soon had the rear swinging high from the ground, and crawled underneath.

While Parker directed an unfaltering stream of questions at him, he worked for an hour, and then crawled out, to continue the job under the eyes of the sergeant.

At length the man stood up, and the report he made caused the sergeant's eyebrows to lift, and a look of grim satisfaction to come into his eyes.

"Want me to put it back, sir?" the man asked.

"No, leave it here. Better still, carry it inside. No, don't put the

top back, either. I'll be needing it just as it is. And I may want you to testify to the condition of this later on, but in the meantime, not a word of this to anyone, not even your boss. Better tell him I just wanted it moved."

Parker walked inside, and sat fingering the fragment of red glass until he heard Collins pull up outside. Grabbing his cap, he hurried out to meet the constable, who immediately sensed that something had occurred to disturb his superior's usual calmness, and began, "What's happened, sir? Found . . ."

"Not now, Collins," Parker interrupted. "We're going straight up to Grant's place. I'll tell you on the way, but first, what did you get on that other matter?"

"Well, sir," Collins began. "I've checked that from several sources, and everything I've heard seems to substantiate what I told you earlier."

"Good," said Parker. "That's about all I needed to hear." He got into the car beside the constable and began talking rapidly as they drove towards Grant's house.

As they eventually swung around the circular drive in front of the house, their eyes fell on the convertible parked outside. "Well, he's here, sir. There's his car," Collins said.

Grant opened the door himself in answer to Parker's imperious ring, and looked in surprise at the grim visages of the two policemen. Nevertheless, he said pleasantly, "Ah, good afternoon, Sergeant. Afternoon, Collins. Come inside. I've just had lunch. Got some news of the inquest?" he questioned as he followed them along the hall.

"In time, Sergeant." He threw open the door of a luxuriously



appointed library, and Parker found himself wondering why one man could be so foolish as to risk losing all this just to get even with another. "Sit down," Grant continued in affable tones, waving them to armchairs. Then he felt the tiny twinge of fear again as he registered the stiff refusal.

"Mr. Grant," Parker began, "I have good reason to believe that the account you gave me of the manner in which Jefferson Thompson met his death last night was incorrect and calculated to create an entirely wrong impression."

Grant felt the twinge increase to a hollow emptiness, and real fear began to grip him. Parker thought, for his part, better go easy at first; if it did happen I was wrong he'd make things decidedly unpleasant.

Grant wished his stomach would stop vibrating, but said in tones into which anger crept, "What do you mean by that? Are you insinuating that I told you a pack of lies? Be careful, Sergeant. I'm not without influence in this town."

Parker made up his mind to throw discretion to the wind and went on, "I have every reason to believe that Thompson did not meet with his death accidentally, but was sent over the cliff by another person and that he was probably dead or helpless before the car crashed through the fence."

He saw that Grant paled as he spoke and that the fingers which lit a cigarette were shaking, and he followed up his advantage. "What is more, I believe that you were that other person."

Grant steadied himself with an effort, said smugly, "And what has been responsible for this brilliant reasoning, may I ask?" and then realised he'd said the wrong thing. It would have been better to try to placate the fellow and not get upset. Might clear it up that way. These blundering fools couldn't have any concrete proof against him—they couldn't have.

But how could he think clearly with that cursed nerve quivering at his temple? Why didn't it stop? He put up a hand to smooth his hair and pressed hard against the spot.

"Just this, Grant," he heard the sergeant saying. "You see, I learnt of your wife's association with the dead man." He saw Grant flinch.

"I began to wonder why you were so concerned about his death and why you were so keen to impress on me your great friendship for him. And another thing—why drive ten miles into town to tell me personally when you were only one mile from here and your telephone? Then I wondered why there wasn't much glass about where he went through, until I realised that he didn't drive through as you described, but went through backwards."

"You see, I found a small piece of red glass out of his tail-light up there, and that wouldn't have broken until the car hit the rocks below in the normal course of events. Plus the fact that there's not so much glass in the back of a car to break—just one small window. That accounted for the lack of it."

Grant put a hand out to the table to steady himself as he heard the sergeant finish, and felt his face drain of color.

"Then I knew that you waylaid him on the road and killed him," Parker began again, when Grant made a desperate effort to regain his composure and interrupted him.

"Now, look here, Parker, I've tried to assist you in every way possible in this business, and I can't understand you having the audacity to come in here with such a ridiculous story . . ."

"Ridiculous enough to convict you, Grant," Parker snapped.

Grant ignored this, and went on, "And where you got the idea that my wife had anything to do with Thompson is beyond me. The idea is preposterous, and I'm surprised that you should pay any attention to local gossip-mongers, from whom it obviously has its origin."

He laughed shakily, and went on: "Of course, if all this is your idea of a joke . . ."

"It's no joke, Grant. I assure you," Parker said in level tones.

"Then, get out of this house," Grant flared, as the nerve in his face thudded and jumped, hammering dread deeper into his soul. "Get out, and take your poppy-cock story with you. You poor idiot, do you think for one moment that your crazy tale about a few chips of glass would hold water in any court of law? You're mad, and I'll see you out of the force before you've got time to regret your groundless accusations."

Parker stood watching him and out of the corner of his eye saw Collins move to the door, as they both noted Grant's clenched fists and great intakes of breath, and realised he was near breaking point.

"We're going, Grant," Parker replied, "and you're coming with us. You see, there was one other thing that convinced me beyond a shadow of a doubt that you were lying. You spoke of Thompson driving straight ahead through the fence, so this morning I had the gear-box of the car opened up to check on it. Fortunately, it was quite intact and undamaged, and we found the gear in REVERSE. You evidently had to back the car to get it into position to go over the cliff."

The pulsating nerve became a roaring, pounding drum, and from far away Grant heard Parker saying, "Get your coat on, Grant."

(Copyright)

Two generations have worn this fluffy Baby Shawl . . .

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The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947



What's all this about PRINTED WOOL?

Every clothes-conscious woman has heard about printed wool, but now that it's becoming more easily available, you want to know what is so wonderful about printed wool . . . why it's so good.

Do you know that it's the very latest thing to wear? Do you know that it can be worn for almost all occasions? That's because printed wool comes in a dozen different types of designs—little, all-over patterns for informal wear, big splashy florals for play clothes, and exotic prints for afternoon and after-dark dresses. Why, you can practically have your entire summer wardrobe of printed wool clothes.



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Like the proverbial rag! Simply follow the same rules for laundering as you use for any other summer fabric. Lukewarm water, milk soap suds and no hard rubbing. Rinse in lukewarm water until all the soap is washed out. Dry in shady place, press with a warm iron when slightly damp.



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If you've been entertaining any worries on this score, you'll be reassured to know that printed wool made in Australia has been tested for colour fastness, and has passed with honours. The brightness and freshness of the colours are, in themselves, some of the best indications of fastness you can have.



"Is printed wool crease resistant?"

Naturally! Wool has a natural elasticity. That's why wool clothes keep their original shape and size. But to get back to printed wool, a dress of it looks as fresh and cool at the end of the day as when you slipped into it. Being crease-resistant, that same dress doesn't need ironing after each wearing.



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"Well - where do I buy printed wool?"

That's not quite so easy, but it's getting easier every day. Most of the stores are receiving more and more stocks of printed wool. Soon there will be enough for everybody but, for the time being, you might have to shop around a little.

★ THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR



Issued by The Australian Wool Board

2743

DAVID examined her critically, and finally said he thought it might turn out to have been worth while, but only if there were no more sudden squalls like the last one!

Then Christopher woke up, took one horrified look at his bright blue bedroom and began to howl, and they ran in together to fetch him down. After that, life seemed suddenly normal again, and when the young couple from the top floor came down to ask if they were going to the special Welcome Dance which NAAFI were giving for the wives, Brenda said of course they were, and Liesa would stay and look after Christopher.

"You're lucky to have someone young," the corporal's wife, whose name was Fay, said discontentedly. "Mine's about a hundred and she doesn't speak one word of English. I don't know how I shall manage."

"You'll manage a treat," the corporal said, grinning, "seeing you never had anybody at all before. Mrs. La-di-da, that's what you'll be and you'll love it."

Brenda enjoyed the dance. It was fun to have everyone behaving as if she had done something wonderful, instead of having done the one thing in the world she most wanted to do, which was to join David.

It was lovely to walk home through the quiet streets, with the moonlight making tree-patterns on the pavement and listen to David telling her she had been the prettiest girl at the party.

They were laughing together as they went into the house, and it gave Brenda a small shock to see Liesa in an armchair in the sitting-room, reading an English newspaper.

Liesa jumped up. "Now some coffee?"

"I'll make it myself, Liesa," Brenda said. "You'd better go—go home. It's getting rather late."

"To-day night," Liesa began, and

then corrected herself. "To-night I must here sleep. It's too late."

"Curfew," David explained briefly, "she can't run around after curfew or she'll get into trouble."

"But where will you sleep?" Brenda asked, hating the feeling that she was being left out of her own domestic arrangements, and hating herself for feeling like that.

"There is a room," Liesa said, "near the kitchen. For in the summer sleeping. It is arranged."

"Oh," Brenda said inadequately.

"You'll get used to it," David said, when she had gone. "They're very efficient, you know, and I'm sure Liesa only wants to please you."

"I know," Brenda said, "but I do find her very managing, and it's all so strange. I don't think I'll ever get used to it."

"Give yourself time," David advised, "you haven't been here twenty-four hours yet."

It was certainly nice to come down the next morning and find the breakfast ready, and Liesa, clean and bright, ready to wait on them, and it was nice to go into the kitchen after David was gone, and see Frau Zorn efficiently clattering pans about on the big, shining stove. It was less nice to see Liesa seize a painted jug from her hands and climb up to stow it away on a top shelf.

There was a brisk passage in German between them, and then Liesa turned with a smile to Brenda and said: "I say her that is very good cup."

"Jug," Brenda corrected her mechanically.

"Please, Jug. And I say her not to use it."

"I see," Brenda said, feeling defeated.

There was no point in staying in the kitchen, since she and Frau Zorn could only communicate to

Continuing . . . Alien Home

from page 5

each other by smiles and signs, so Brenda, feeling both lonely and useless, put Christopher into his pram and then went upstairs to ask Fay to come for a walk with her. Fay, however, was still in bed, smoking and reading a magazine.

"Hullo," she greeted, "this is the life, isn't it? But I wish I hadn't had so much to drink last night. My head's splitting."

"Get up and come for a walk," Brenda invited.

"No, thanks. There's a dance at the Y.M.C.A. to-night for us wives, and I don't want to be all tired out for that. You going?"

"I don't know. David might have to work late."

"Not all jam, when you get your sergeant's stripe, is it? Not that I wouldn't like my Ted to get his. We'd have got a better place to live, I bet, if he'd been a sergeant."

"But you've got the same as we have," Brenda pointed out.

"And who taught you to speak English?" Brenda asked, waiting to be told that it had been David.

"At school I learn," Liesa said. After a tiny pause she added: "When we know that it does not go well for us with the war, we know then that the English will soon come, so we all learn quickly to speak your language."

There didn't seem anything to say to this naive confession, so Brenda said: "I see," and went on her way, pushing the pram before her as if it had been a small mobile gun.

The days passed, one very like another, and Brenda slowly began to get used to having nowhere to shop except the Naaft shop, and listening to nothing but Army talk, to Fay coming trailing down in a dressing-gown to complain that a corporal's wife couldn't go to the Officers' Club, and that she wanted a new hat and couldn't buy one.

She very nearly got used to Liesa, smiling and friendly and as stubborn as a mule, firmly running the house as nearly as possible as her own mother had run it.

BUTCH



The Right Word

Continued from page 7

PRESENTLY a shadow fell across his warm bare legs. "Nice lot of wood you got chopped there," his father said in a voice of ominous quiet. "Ought to be pretty proud of yourself, a big boy like you, lolling in the sun like a lazy tramp while your mother waits for wood and works to feed you."

He could feel his blood rush into his face as he got to his feet; feel a hideous choking lump come into his throat. A lazy tramp. He picked up the axe and began to chop blindly. He had been going to make them rich and his father had called him a lazy tramp.

But he couldn't tell his father that because he didn't even seem to like his father any more. He went on chopping, winking back his tears, as his father walked away with the book beneath his arm, placing a distance between them.

That was many years ago, but he could still remember, and he probably always would. That day his father had said too much, too hard. And no matter how they tried, neither he nor his father had ever managed to shorten that unspoken distance between them. But if his father had come back that day, if he had said just one right word—

Kids, he thought. Queer little packages. Never really knew what they had inside them.

The train pulled into the station and Larry walked slowly through the crowds to the telephone booths outside the barriers. He stood there irresolutely for a moment. I hate my father. Just a child's talk, of course, but all the same—

It would have been a different matter altogether if John had been the one to say a thing like that. John howled his hurts right out of his system and forgot them. But not Eileen. More times than not she fought back tears. He could see himself, worse luck, in Eileen; and while he knew he loved both children equally and could never have chosen between them, he also knew that Eileen made pulp of his heart as John never did.

His hand went into his trousers

pocket and he drew out a handful of change. The thing to do was to ring her up, talk to her. He jingled the coins in the palm of his hand. Easy enough to say "talk to her," but what would he say? What could you say to an eighteen-year-old that would make her understand?

Perhaps he could just say he was sorry and let it go at that. But merely saying he was sorry wouldn't be enough. Empty, just saying you were sorry. Something special was what he needed. But what? His eyes strayed nervously to the station clock. If he telephoned at all, he'd have to be quick about it. Perhaps he could wait till to-night, take her something.

But if his father had come back that day—

Perhaps if he talked to May, let her fix it for him; but no, that wouldn't do either. It was Eileen he had to talk to and he knew it.

Whoever heard of such a thing? He thought desperately. Here he was in an absolute sweat over talking to his own child! He studied the handful of change and his face suddenly brightened. He had it! The very thing. He knew what he could tell her. All he had to say was that he'd met a man in the train who had once seen nuthatches when he was away travelling.

She'd know by that that he'd been thinking of her, that he hadn't forgotten. Relieved and relaxed, he dialled his number. May answered. "Look," he said, "get Eileen to the phone, will you?"

"Eileen?" May repeated blankly. Then after a moment, her voice warmed and lowered and she drew him over into their world, the children's, and here. "Darling," she said, "I'm glad you rang. Just wait a moment, will you?"

I met a man in the train—Yes, that would do it.

"Hello," Eileen said. But when he heard her voice, small and reluctant, unsteady still with tears, he forgot about the nuthatches and the right words came.

"Eileen," he said, "it's your Daddy speaking."

(Copyright)

"But you've got the best part of the house, though. Well, I suppose it's only natural, your David coming here so much before you came out. Always in the house, they say he was. Only being married and being a sergeant, I daresay he didn't go as far as some. But that Liesa's pretty in a German kind of way, isn't she?"

Brenda felt the fingers of her right hand twitch and realised with horror that she was longing to give Fay a smart slap across her face. Instead she said coldly: "I don't know what you're talking about, and I don't suppose you do, either. It'd do you more good to get up and go for a walk instead of lying there letting your tongue say just what it likes."

"Well! What did I say?" Fay's outraged voice pursued her down the stairs. "It didn't make things any better to find, when she got to the door, that Liesa had taken Christopher out of his pram, and was proudly showing him off to an acquaintance in the adjoining garden."

"Liesa!" Brenda voice had a barack-square ring to it. "Put the baby back in his pram at once."

Liesa skipped across the grass with alacrity and deposited a chuckling and delighted Christopher in his pram. She buckled the strap and straightened up the pram with quick fingers.

"Bitte schon!" she said, stepping back, smiling.

"All right," Brenda said, "now I'm going for a walk."

Liesa opened the gate for her and waved her good-bye with a friendly smile. On an impulse Brenda turned back and asked her how old she was.

"Soon eighteen," Liesa said,

There came a blustery day in autumn when the rain and the wind between them were getting the last of the leaves off the trees. The little house was cold, and Christopher was snuffy, and Brenda looked longingly at the big china stove which had been such an eyesore all the summer, but which now promised a bit of real comfort.

Liesa said it was too soon to light the stove, she said there was very little coal in the house and that wood would burn away too quickly, she said it made much dirt to clean away, she said that the pipes and flues must first be examined and cleaned. She stood there, neat and clean and smiling and stubborn, and in the silence which fell after she finished speaking, Christopher sneezed twice, loudly, and then, frightened, began to cry.

"Make a fire in the stove, Liesa," Brenda said quietly, "at once."

"In the house," Liesa began again. "Is no coal. Wood . . ."

"Liesa!" Brenda said with a sharpness that made the girl jump. "Make a fire. I don't care what you burn, but make a fire at once, and stop arguing. Do you understand?"

"Please, Yes," Liesa said.

She made the fire and Brenda moved one of the big ugly armchairs near to the stove for herself, and pulled the corner of the sofa round so that she could make a place on it for Christopher. When, an hour later, she went upstairs to comb her hair ready for David's return, she came down again to find the furniture back in its place, everything ranged round the room like sentinels.

Brenda was carrying two books and her writing-case, and she flung the lot on to the floor with such a crash that Christopher woke up howling.

LIESA came flying from the kitchen, while Frau Zorn, alarmed, peered round the door.

"Why did you move the chairs?" Brenda demanded.

"I make the room tidy," Liesa said, looking a little uncertain before the real anger in Brenda's face, "not as nice all untidy."

"Well, will you please leave things alone?" Brenda said. "I have to live here and I want things to be as I like them. Whose house is this anyway, yours or mine?"

The moment she had said the last words she stopped dead, flushing. Liesa had gone very white, and then the tears began to pour down her face. She stood there, not pulling up her hand to wipe them away, crying soundlessly, and Brenda gave a little sob and said: "Oh, how I hate all this! I wish I was at home!"

Into this scene of unrelieved gloom David came whistling cheerfully.

"What on earth . . ." he began, and then went and picked up the howling Christopher and handed him to Brenda.

"If you can stop him roaring like a sergeant-major for a start, perhaps I can hear what's been going on here," he said.

Brenda and Liesa, united in misery, told him in a hiccupping chorus, and David took a firm hold of the situation. "You want to go on working for us, I suppose, Liesa?" She nodded violently, sniffing, and Brenda passed her a handkerchief.

"Very well," David went on, "you must realise that for as long as we are here, this is our home and not yours, and everything in it must be as my wife wants it, not as you want it."

"We understand," he fixed Brenda with a firm look, and she nodded in her turn. "We quite understand your feelings, and we will make every allowance for them, but there are to be no more scenes like this, or I shall have you moved to another place to work. It is not necessary for me . . ."

What it was not necessary for David to do or say was never known, because at that moment Fay drifted in without knocking and took in the scene with practised and delighted eyes.

"Well!" Fay said, "excuse me, I'm sure. I have come at the wrong time. But I must say I've been expecting it." She drifted out again, and David, astounded, said: "What on earth did she mean by that?"

"I don't know," Brenda said. "Never mind, anyway. Let's have tea quickly, please, Liesa."

"Yes, Please," said a restored Liesa. She darted in front of Brenda and dragged a chair out at its place and up to the stove.

"More warm," she explained and vanished into the kitchen.

"I'm sorry, darling," Brenda said. "It was . . . a lot of little things, I think."

David smiled at her over the pipe and was filling and said between puffs: "It's all right, darling, but if we've got to live here, we've got to put up with a few things, you know."

"Yes, David . . . did you know Liesa very well before I came out?"

"No," David said, puffing. "Knew the family, though. Matter of fact, I never saw Liesa until the day before I went to meet you at Cuthbert. She got stuck with an aunt in the American Zone, and it took them a bit of time to get a permit for her to come home. Why?"

"Oh . . . nothing," Brenda said.

The fat china stove gave out a lovely gentle warmth, and Christopher gurgled happily in the big chair with her. David reached out and switched on the radio.

"It's nice," Brenda said, "to be home, isn't it?"

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Notice to Contributors

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914



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No. 914.—Supper Cloth and Serviettes. The supper cloth is traced on cream embroidery linen of pre-war quality. Patterns or bright colors would be suitable for the design. The cloth measures 39in. x 36in. Price 18/11. Postage 5/6, extra. Serviettes measure 11in. square. Price, 1/8 each. Postage 2/6, extra.

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F4850.—Spring-into-summer suit has an all-round pleated skirt and trim neat jacket. A smart "nine to five" suit for linen, equally good in rayon. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

Amid the romantic fuss and flurry of becoming engaged some girls forget that they must share the everyday lives of their future husbands.

They realise suddenly that they are not fitted by temperament or training to fill the role expected of them.

THE next step is to think seriously of the wisdom of allowing the engagement to continue.

Here is a letter from a girl who has just realised that the danger of her fiance's calling may mar her happiness as a wife.

"My fiance makes his living at rodeos and bush carnivals, often riding unbroken horses. When he is away I am always anxious because he might be hurt or even killed. Do you think I have the right to ask him to give up this risky business and to settle down in a steady job?"

It might be argued that as his future wife you have the right to ask him to give up such dangerous work. On the other hand, the work he does now is probably the sort of work he likes doing. If he were to take up something else, there is the question of whether he would be happy.

The truth is, in all marriages, it is the wife's job to fit into the pattern of her husband's life—not his to alter his established way of making a livelihood to meet her demands.

If you feel you will always be distressed and worried when your fiance is away at a rodeo, it is only fair to discuss the matter fully with him now rather than marry him with this doubt in your mind.

Be frank about it, and you may find that he understands your fears and is willing to find some other

sort of work that won't cause you so much anxiety.

"BEFORE she goes away, I want to give a friend an afternoon tea party in town. Is it right for those invited to pay their share of the bill? Would you tell me what I am expected to do when the ladies arrive?"

It would be quite wrong for you to invite people and then ask them to pay for themselves. If you like to organise a tea party on that understanding, it is an entirely different matter. As either hostess or organiser, it will be your place to be there with the guests of honor when her friends arrive. You will be expected to make any necessary introductions, and generally see that things go off without any hitch.

"DO you think a bride could wear a white evening dress with a veil, and is it necessary to have toasts when the reception is completely informal?"

If the dress is not décolleté and is in other ways suitable, there is no reason why it should not be worn as a wedding gown. It is not necessary to have toasts at any reception, but it seems a pity not to give the guests the opportunity to toast the bride and bridegroom. This toast is usually proposed by an old family friend and responded to by the bridegroom.

"WHEN dining out, is it correct to begin a course as soon as you are served or wait until the hostess begins?"

Never begin without being asked to do so by your hostess. A great many hostesses like the food to be eaten while it is really hot, and always ask their guests to begin at once. It is considered bad form not to do so when asked.

"IN what manner are the parents of the prospective bridegroom invited to the wedding? Also, is it usual to invite the clergyman to preside at the reception? My daughter suggests that she and her fiance might invite him verbally when they make arrangements about the church."

Formal invitations are usually sent to those most closely connected with a wedding, even though their acceptance and presence are mutually understood. It is the custom to invite the officiating clergyman to the reception as an honored guest. He does not actually preside, as the mother of the bride is the hostess, and all present are her guests. As well as inviting him verbally, an invitation should be sent.

"AT a reception following a wedding, when the guests are served from a central buffet, should the bride and groom have a special table?"

Sometimes when a sit-down breakfast is given, the bridal party is seated at a small, separate table. But in the case of a buffet, no special arrangements are made for the bridal party.

When the bridal party is seated, it should be in this order: The bride's father on the left of the bride, and on his left the bridegroom's mother. The mother of the bride is seated on the right of the bridegroom, and on her right

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column. Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 8. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

the bridegroom's father. Bridesmaids, groomsmen, and the clergyman who has performed the ceremony occupy the other important seats.

"BY making a fool of myself I have lost my girl. I've apologised, but don't feel that she regards me the way she did before. I don't want to lose her, but if she won't have me back I want her at least to accept my apology. Can you help me?"

Help yourself by showing on all future occasions that it wasn't the real you who behaved so foolishly that time. My guess is that you not only made a fool of yourself, but of your girl, too. You'll have to do some convincing talking to prove that you don't go round doing that sort of thing as a general rule. To begin with, why not a sincere letter to the girl, asking for another chance?

"AS the mother of two daughters I am always trying to impress on them the importance of good manners. I tell them to say 'Thank you,' not just 'thanks,' and to say the name of the person they are addressing. I have been told I am too formal and that 'thanks' is quite enough. I still like the sound of 'Thank you, Mrs. So-and-So.' What do you think?"

I agree with you that when speaking to an older person, "Thank you, Mrs. So-and-So" sounds very much nicer.

"A WIDOW with small children, I am still young enough to think of marriage, and have had two proposals. One is from an old family friend, a man of excellent character, considerably older than I am. The other is from a man of my own age, whose character I consider inferior to that of my other suitor. I am sure both are genuinely fond of the children, but they prefer the older man. Which one should I accept?"

The questions you must ask yourself are, who will give you the happiest home, provide your children with the greatest love and guidance as a stepfather, and yourself with the deepest and most lasting devotion? When you have found the answer to these questions you will have found the man you should marry. My guess is that he will be the older of your suitors.

"MOTHER does not approve of a boy I care about very deeply, and is always trying to make me go out with ones she considers eligible, and I don't like at all. Should I go out with them just to please her?"

My advice to all daughters—and sons, too—is to try to please their parents as much as possible. In your own case, going out with the boys of your mother's choice, and being a pleasant companion, need not weaken your affection for the young man of your heart. If you find it does, then you aren't attached to him as you thought,

Step by step you are led to needless tooth extractions



NOW! TEETH CAN BE SAVED WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED S.R.



It's easy—it's pleasant—right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

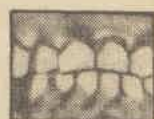
You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums start to bleed, become sore, soft and spongy. Gum Rot sets in and almost before you know it, a sound tooth must be extracted. Now there's no need to risk it! Use the new kind of toothpaste called S.R. Brush your teeth with it—you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. Rub a little S.R. into your gums. S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, makes loose teeth firm, often after only a few days. Get a tube of S.R. right away!

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE—WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHEA).

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS (taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette) show how Sodium Ricinoleate improves teeth and gums



1. Condition before treatment.



2. 14 days later, after daily application of Sodium Ricinoleate.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT GUARDS YOUR GUMS

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 27, 1947

S.R. 181

Page 33

"We'll be at the party
after all . . .

my headache has
lifted **MARVELLOUSLY!**



"That shocking
headache again—
We simply
can't go —"



When you want QUICK relief from headaches or pain use the QUICKER APC... 'ZANS'

Because of their extreme accuracy of preparation, 'ZANS' tablets bring APC in its most effective form—QUICKER ACTING, SAFE, CONVENIENT, EASY to TAKE.

And 'ZANS' is the only APC in Australia sold in santiape — packed for protection, sealed for safety. Obtainable at all chemists and stores at 3d. (3 doses) and 1/- (12 doses).

(Here's an after the party story too!)

"Next morning" 'Zans' is a wonderful help. You can do nothing better — or more effective — than take two 'Zans' tablets with about half a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda mixed in a little water. You'll feel steadied, soothed, and quickly free from that headiness and depression. 'Zans' definitely gives a "lift"—try it!



"ZANS"
THE QUICKER APC

Nicholas Product

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There are no wolves (two-legged) in Moscow



BATHERS ALONG THE BEACH of a Black Sea resort in Russia. Writer of the article on this page found that "cute" American swimsuits looked most conspicuous in Russia.

American girl's lively comments on Soviet men after her years in Russia

By ELIZABETH EAGAN

Who edited "Amerika," a wartime magazine in Russian, for the U.S. Office of War Information in Moscow.

Before going to Moscow I had a double-image idea of what Russian men looked like—the same idea, I imagine, that a lot of other girls still cherish.

My Russian man was a brawny, muscled, six-foot Adonis of iron, with arm forever stretched challengingly before him, clutching a stick (or was it a hammer?).

YET at the same time, muffled somehow in the background, was the vision of a tall, handsome, dark-haired Czarist prince, with booted legs, military jacket, and lots of gold braid.

To-day, my double-image dreams have vanished. I have seen plenty of Russian men. I have talked with them, learned to know them, gone to parties with them, even had "romances" with them. And for the benefit of other girls, I would like to report that the romantic vision of Soviet supermen is plain bunk.

I have seen plenty of Russian men, but few of them measured six feet—or even close to that. Of those in overalls, few looked very exalted, and the only tickles I saw were in the hands of women. Most of the men were in uniform when I arrived, but only fat generals' jackets fitted snugly.

I recall a Monday morning when the Metro cars were packed, so instead of finding a seat I hung on to a strap.

Now, aside from the merit of spotlessness, the Metro has one virtue that you don't find in crowded American transportation systems. There are no wolves of the two-legged variety in Moscow. The prettiest girl in the entire city can ride the subway, and no matter how much she is shoved and mauled she knows it was an impersonal shove, an accidental maul.

On this Monday morning I became aware that someone was staring at me with greater intensity than the normal staring-at-foreigners. This man was actually flirting! I was more surprised than flattered when a second glance revealed that he was a passably handsome, black-eyed Red Army major.

I was surprised, first, because there aren't many passably handsome males to be found in the Soviet Union. Second, because Red Army majors should know their political

catechism, which damns all foreigners.

In to-day's Russia, no man, woman or child who fears the midnight knock of the secret police dares have much to do with a foreigner.

I forced my way through the crowded car to the handrail and got a good grip on it, along with a dozen other impersonal hands. In a moment my hand was "accidentally" covered by the major's.

His glances might have been meaningless; this certainly wasn't. I moved my hand. So did he. I glanced sideways. He was looking at me almost with a smile.

I guessed that he took me for a Russian hussy. It

was very raw, autumn weather, and I was wearing a Russian scarf and an old raincoat. He couldn't see my shoes, standard office wear for Americans, but a dead giveaway because Russian women's wartime footwear was in sad condition.

When I got off at my station, the major followed me through the crowd and across the square to the little street where I lived in the Finnish Legation, which was then rented to the Americans and guarded by two State policemen.

As I neared my house, the major was at my elbow. I turned to him with a smile and an unlit cigarette. "May I take a light?" I said in Russian. He broke into a self-satisfied grin, lit my cigarette, took my elbow, and tried to lead his conquest down the street.

But I crossed the street, said good-morning to the staring guards, and tossed a farewell to the Russian major.

I have yet to see a more shocked and startled face than his as he realized he had almost been caught

flatfooted—guilty without question of being friendly with a foreigner! And especially with a foreigner from that never-never land—America!

Now that I am back in New York, I keep recalling that inconsequential adventure. I keep reminding myself that, as a citizen of the capitalistic United States, I can do pretty much as I please, when and where I please, and talk with whom I choose. Those are freedoms that life in the Soviet Union taught me to appreciate more than I had ever appreciated them before.

I arrived in Moscow on D-Day—June 6, 1944—with a strong, positive faith in our ally, a classless nation of vigorous and diverse peoples who were fighting their way back across the devastated Ukraine. I returned home with a simmering disapproval of the caste system, the police spying, and the hatred of foreigners in the Soviet State.

In those two and a half years, I made many friends in Russia. I learned things about Russians that may have escaped newspaper correspondents.

I am not anti-Russian. I am anti-misinformation, because I believe that our lives depend on getting along with the Soviet Government. And when I say "our lives" I include the Russians.

About Elisabeth Eagan

ELIZABETH EAGAN was born in Brooklyn, but has lived most of her life in Montclair, New Jersey. After graduation, she worked for five years as a magazine fashion editor, then wrote advertising copy.

She joined the U.S. Office of War Information in August, 1943, and later was assigned to the Moscow Embassy. There she served as Moscow editor of "Amerika," and during her last year was cultural attache of the U.S. Embassy. Now back in New York, Miss Eagan hopes to return to Russia some day, but adds, "I want a good long taste of America first!"

As Moscow editor of "Amerika," published in Russian, I did my official best to tell the Russians about the United States.

As the first American woman sent to work in the Moscow Embassy, I had unique unofficial opportunities to demonstrate what Americans are like and how we live.

Now, and also quite unofficially, I want to put down in detail some of the interesting, exciting, exasperating facts about Russia that one does not find emphasized in the newspapers.

I left New York for Russia in April, 1944, by Army Transport Corps plane, bucketseat by day and ridged metal floor at night. I am a moderately friendly soul, not a helpless female, but I have seldom felt more friendless or helpless than



RUSSIAN MEN watching a football match in Moscow. They rarely flirt with strangers, dance with energetic enthusiasm, are suspicious of foreigners.

on my three-stop flight from Tehran to Moscow.

Accustomed to the easy comradeship of the ATC boys, I smiled and spoke to my Russian pilot as we disembarked at Baku for breakfast. He looked right past me, never so much as flicking an eyelash.

I was, to be British about it, somewhat taken aback.

At Astrakhan, our second stop, a husky Red Army girl traffic cop flagged us in from the landing strip. Ignoring the unresponsive male fliers, I approached her with what I hoped was a cheery greeting. I might have spoken to a flaxen-haired automaton. She literally didn't see me, though I stood an arm's length off.

I was met at the Moscow airport by two American male friends. Because they knew the Russians would be shocked by my slacks, they spirited me off to the Embassy, where they made me change into a wrinkled, unpressed suit before they would take me to my hotel.

So, before actually settling down in Moscow, I had had two lessons in how to live with the Russians.

The first, of course, was that foreigners, even Allies, weren't accepted as friends. The second was that ladies—in the Russian caste sense—do not wear pants. I had yet to learn just how rigid the class rules in Russia are, and how very difficult it is to make friends.

But I began to learn—and learn quickly. Perhaps my illusions about Russian men were naïve. For one thing, I had expected them to be tall. When I arrived in Moscow, almost all the men in the street were in uniform—Red Army, Navy, and Air Force. But they were all short—far too short for me, with my five-foot-eight. Yet I found them quite exciting.

As I walked through the streets I stared at them with interest. And they stared back, but without a glimmer, not even a gleam of flirtatiousness on their grim visages. Any American girl knows how to look at a man on the street, so that it is understood at once just what attitude she wishes to convey.

But I missed all that in Moscow. After a few attempts I gave up ex-

pecting Russian men to notice me and talk with their eyes, and soon I was glowering right back into their square, dark, cold faces.

Generally speaking, there are three classes—Soviet classes—of women in Moscow. They can be distinguished at a glance by their clothes.

Silver fox is the badge of the high official's or general's wife, or the successful actress.

The secretaries and students, the white-collar women, favor mannish suits and silk prints. The working girls, unskilled and semi-skilled laborers at the bottom of the income scale (at best, about 500 roubles a month), wear square-cut, peasantly linen or cotton dresses with a turn-over collar and cross-stitch embroidery.

Despite all one hears about "free love and promiscuity" in Russia, I never knew a Russian who took marriage or divorce lightly. Quite the contrary, and for a very simple reason.

We in America think we have a housing problem. But we can't hold a candle to the Muskovites, whose housing shortage has had a discouraging effect on marriage. There is no such thing as an empty apartment in Moscow. Every square foot of space is assigned to someone, though it is possible to "buy" a room illegally—and pay through the nose for it.

Marriage almost always means doubling up in the home of whichever partner is less crowded. Often newlyweds move into a single room with parents, a brother or sister, or even another young couple.

Whole families groan in unison when the bride announces she is going to have a baby. But the baby, on arrival, is not only adored, but absorbed—somehow.

One might think that such crowded conditions would not only discourage marriage, but make for divorce. They don't.

One can divorce a man—though the process is expensive and long-drawn-out—but one can't get him out of the house.

For instance, Tatiana goes home from the courthouse, released at last from the brute, but there he sits in his regular chair, reading the "Evening Moscow."

"Hey, we're divorced!" she cries. "Yeah? So what? Where do you think I'm going to live? Under a tree in the Park of Culture and Rest?"

Continued on page 37



P.S.—If at times your grocer does not have Kellogg's Corn Flakes in stock, don't blame him. It won't be that way always. We are continually expanding production.



Lift that dreary mask of "IRREGULARITY" this gentle, NATURAL way

Your health depends on what you eat . . .
Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain
daily regularity . . . no medicines needed!

WHAT IT IS . . .

First and most important — Kellogg's All-Bran is a food. Constipation starts with your food, so it is only natural that a food must be the right thing to correct and end constipation.

Today's modern foods often lack bulk. Over-cooking . . . too many mushy foods . . . these keep that essential bulk out of your diet. And your system needs bulk every day, otherwise — constipation!

WHAT IT DOES . . .

Kellogg's All-Bran relieves constipation because it supplies this natural bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

Start tomorrow morning. Eat two table-spoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran as a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do this regularly every morning and within a week you should be regular again. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.

Not a Purgative —
but a Gentle acting regulative
food!

Cosmetics can't hide constipation!

NO! Cosmetics can't cover up constipation forever! You must get at the cause. Start with those two table-spoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Be regular—the natural, gentle way.

Ask for

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN*

* Registered Trade Mark



Of course, if Tatiana marries again, she can bring her new husband in to protect her against the insults of her ex-spouse. And if he remarries, he can bring his bride home, too. So . . . as an apparent result, marriages are pretty well stabilised in Moscow.

Before the war, of course, one could get a divorce for a post-card and one could have an abortion simply by applying for it and agreeing to pay 10 per cent. of one month's salary.

To-day a divorce costs 2000 roubles, and an abortion—an illicit abortion—costs up to 10,000. Naturally, at these prices, there are few abortions and the birthrate is rising.

Of course, more births make for even more crowded rooms, but then only really crowded quarters were livably warm in the wartime winter. No matter how tightly squeezed they are, most Russians shun the outdoors in cold weather.

In summer they flock to the parks, the river beaches, the outlying villages. Only men and wives with husbands can, with propriety, go to restaurants, but everybody can go picnicking and swimming, and go together.

In the "all together," too, with qualifications. Americans seem to have an almost insatiable curiosity about nude bathing in the Soviet Union. Here's what I saw of it.

I lived one summer with some other Americans on the banks of the Kilia River, in which we— with other foreigners, the members of a Russian summer colony, scores of Red Army convalescents from a nearby hospital, and about 100 neighboring cows—all took a daily dip.

Except for the children under 10 or 12 and a group of young men who swam in the raw a hundred yards or so from the rest, there was no nude bathing. But there were very few bathing suits—unless what I took to be bloomers, rayon undershirts, and bras are a new style in bathing costumes.

One day when I had gone walking along the river unprepared for a swim, a group of young people asked me to join them. I merely peeled my cotton dress over my head and dived in, in panties and bra. There was no comment other than that my panties were much brighter than theirs. I was covered up as I would have been in almost any suit in America, but I couldn't have appeared that way back home.

The only really nude swimming I saw was after the war, at Batumi, a Black Sea port. The beach was divided into three sections—ladies, ladies and gents, and gents. Elma Ferguson, one of the editors of "British Ally," a Russian-language weekly published in Moscow, joined me on the Ladies Only beach the first day.

We changed into our suits in little cabanas and afterward paraded out among the sprawling multitude of bronzed, naked Russian women. Our suits were more than cute—they were downright fetching.

But after an hour of being stared at, we slunk back into the cabanas, stripped, and sauntered out again, feeling foolish, but far less conspicuous.

A limp strand of barbed wire separated ours from the mixed beach. There, families sat around in odd bits of costume, eating pickles and buns and going for an occasional dip in the cold Black Sea. Beyond them, another 50 or 75 yards, was the beginning of the men's beach, where nude bachelors by the dozen were sunning themselves in absolute un-self-consciousness.

Twice during our ten days there, newly arrived Red Army groups blundered—I'm sure by accident—on to our beach, clumping along in heavy boots. A shower of stones and a chorus of indignant feminine imprecations—"Louta! Lecherous ones!"—sent them running with tunics flying, all holding their caps over the rear side of their faces.

There are no wolves (two-legged) in Moscow

Continued from page 35

If it was difficult to meet Russian men at the beaches, it was quite the opposite in a Moscow nightclub.

I was invited to a restaurant for dinner and dancing by a group of young men—American sergeants in the military mission, boys who worked in the Embassy, a couple of engineers from the wilds of Siberia, and a French sergeant.

We went about 10 o'clock. Earlier the place would have been empty. Just off Gorki Street we entered the Astoria, pushing by two Red Army men standing in the entryway with mounted bayonets. I got used to seeing these M.P.s in all restaurant lobbies, and learned they were there to squelch fights that inevitably broke out among the hearty guests, most of them soldiers on leave.

The boys checked their caps with two bearded old men behind a counter, and we went up six steps into a brilliantly lit hall. I caught my breath, both at the gaiety and the decor.

The room was large and long, its ceiling held up by great columns ornamented with voluptuous stone beauties.

Along the right side of the room stretched a row of little cubicles made private by dark red draperies—and at the rear a mixed male and female orchestra was playing very bad jazz.

None of us could speak more than

kanka—a real American girl—who was dancing.

That brought more onlookers and finally, probably as the result of a bet, a Red Army lieutenant came smiling to our table and inquired of my escorts if they had any objections to his asking the Amerikanka for a dance.

The boys all agreed that he might ask me, and I was enchanted. So we danced. He got a firm grip round my middle, stretched our arms straight out, and spurted toward the far end of the dance floor, his shiny black leather boots sometimes coming down hard—and there's nothing harder—on my feet. But he loved it, and so did I.

When the music ended, my beau gallantly took my right hand in both of his and tenderly kissed it, looking me straight in the eye. Then he guided me back to my table, kissed my hand again, thanked the whole table for the pleasure, and disappeared.

That started it. My friends quickly made a rule that I might dance only every other dance with the Red Army stag line which swarmed about our table. Each Russian cavorted as ebulliently as the first, and each kissed my hand at the end of the performance.

Red Army officers far outnumbered civilians that night at the Astoria—a fact generally in Moscow night-clubs, as I was to learn.

Many had their wives with them, bulging, drably dressed women, who were as energetic in the dance as their husbands. Some had their girl-friends, and some had tramps—who looked just about like tramps anywhere, except that these had more than their share of shiny gold teeth and stiff-braced bosoms.

Being the only American girl free to go where I wished, I had numerous opportunities to learn about Moscow's night life. There were scarcely more than three restaurants open when I arrived.

The Moskva was the hot spot during the war and afterward. It was the largest restaurant—with the largest dance floor and the biggest, noisiest crowds. It was rowdy and expensive and promised a skandal (fight or furious argument) at any moment.

I seldom went to a night-club where Russian fighting men did not dance with me. Always, and punctiliously, they asked my escort's permission first, and generally they left me afterward.

But on a few occasions, vodka-emboldened warriors heavy with medals braved the foreigner taboo and remained at our table to talk, and sometimes hopefully offered to take me home.

One cold, blustery night, an American who lived next to me in the Hotel National knocked on the wall. He had some extra roubles, no desire to sleep, and a craving for a midnight steak. Would I go to the Moskva with him?

We took a table in the rear, far from the crowded dance floor, and attacked our beef. But in the middle of it a stocky, black-haired Red Air Force pilot came over to our table and asked for a light. Then he sat down and helped us finish our wine.

By the time the NKVD (secret service) spotters caught up with him—all waiters were required to shoo Russians away from foreigners—we had decided to hell with it! We were a threesome, and so we would remain.

(In 1946 the NKVD was succeeded by the MVD, the Ministry of Home Affairs.)

For some reason, perhaps because the little pilot had about 20 medals flung on his chest, we got away with it. He ordered a steak and vodka, scorned our wine, and talked about his friends in the French Nor-

mandle Squadron fighting in the north, and his dream of flying an American four-motored plane.

At 2 a.m., after we had eaten and danced till we were tired—the Russian pilot insisting that only he and the American tovarish should dance with me—we left the restaurant.

Our friend then told us his barracks were 13 miles away and his only chance of getting there now was to hitch-hike. Couldn't he please come home with us?

So we let him, in spite of the danger to himself.

We walked past the policeman at the door as if we didn't know each other, and the pilot followed us upstairs, all of us tiptoeing past the little old man on night duty, whose inquisitive, terrier-like face was buried in his arms. He was asleep. Fingers on lips, constantly shush-

ing our talkative guest, we made it unchallenged up the four flights to our floor, where we hid him round a corner while he awoke the old woman who served as floor clerk to get our keys.

I went into my escort's room, where I helped him fix covers and a pillow for the hard little couch the pilot was to sleep on. As I left the pilot was already out of his boots and stripping off his blouse. We never learned just how he managed to get out of the hotel undetected next morning, but he made it. Two weeks later I met him again at the Moskva. He was still on furlough and having a fine time.

He danced once with me, but didn't ask again if he could see me home.

(Part II of this article will be published next week.)

Just like getting an extra pair of stockings!



Tests prove that LUX makes stockings last TWICE as long

"Double the wear from every pair"—that's your theme song when you Lux stockings every night. You see, gentle Lux suds whisk out harmful perspiration before it can weaken fragile threads. But you must use LUX. Tests prove that stockings washed with Lux last twice as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

U2424

Some families will be sad to leave Redfern



OLD COTTAGES in Moorehead Street, Redfern, soon to be pulled down to make way for modern, easy-to-run home units. Those who vacate similar condemned houses are happy or unhappy, according to age and strength or district associations.



MANY TIMES DAILY Mrs. R. Bantine must carry her baby down these dark stairs to kitchen.

Hopes and fears of households affected by slum-clearance plan

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Out at Redfern they are talking now about the slum clearance plan. For years it has been a project, a distant dream of an unlikely future.

And now the plan is actually to be carried out. In Redfern 37 dwellings are marked down for immediate resumption, and the dream of the future has suddenly become a practical problem for the families who occupy those 37 doomed buildings.

EVERY big city has worried about slum clearance for years. Dozens of experts have expounded their plans—most of them based on a programme of demolition, temporary housing for tenants, and a move back to ideal housing areas. The Redfern plan follows this blueprint.

It is only after talking to those whose lives will be disrupted that you realise that the one thing left out of even the most complete blueprint is the incalculable human element.

For the shabbiest neighborhood is home to those who live in it. In any mass move there must be the tearing-up of roots, the breaking of warm and friendly associations.

That is why the slum clearance plan is talked about with mixed feelings in Redfern.

Occupiers of the 37 dwellings will move soon to temporary accommodation at Lilyfield.

The area to be immediately vacated, in the heart of the densely populated district that will be made into a model neighborhood unit, is bounded by Moorehead, Cooper, Young, and Redfern Streets.

Temporary accommodation in converted Army buildings at Lilyfield has been made into self-contained family units, with a kitchen-living-room and from one to four bedrooms. Groups of three units share a laundry with fuel copper and new concrete tubs.

Cooking will be done with fuel,

there are chip heaters in the bath-rooms, and each living-room-kitchen has two power points. The area is sewerage and has electric light.

The move is a triangular one. Those going first to Lilyfield will move in turn to the yet-to-be-built decanting area at Erskineville, and from there, possibly, back to the new residential area of Redfern.

A spokesman for the Housing Commission said that it hoped to be putting people back to the modern houses at Redfern within two years.

Moorehead Street, like most of the streets in Redfern, is wide and clean. But its houses are old.

It isn't a cheerful street. There is too much rust on roofs and iron railings, peeling chocolate-brown paintwork, and worn stone steps for it to be hopeful and cheerful.

Dark stairway

IN one of its oldest and shabbiest houses I talked to young Mrs. R. Bantine, who held seven-weeks-old Maria in her arms.

There isn't any garden or yard at all where Mrs. Bantine lives, the old weatherboard house is right on the road, the land falls away steeply at the back.

Bedrooms and living-room are at road level. To reach the kitchen it is necessary to go down almost perpendicular, unlit stairs.

"Before Maria was born I thought those stairs would kill me," Mrs. Bantine said. "They keep you always tired."

"It would be almost like a dream come true if they gave us nice stoves without any grease or dirt, coppers that boil up when you light them, and sunny, safe verandahs where you can put a baby."

Mrs. V. Allen, who lives in a weatherboard cottage farther along, had the same tale to tell me.

"I have to have the light on all day in the kitchen. It isn't lined and it's always damp."

"I've lived here seven years and don't mind moving if it's to something better. Two rooms will do me, provided they're clean and cheerful!"

"I'm one of the people who don't mind the move out to Lilyfield," she said.

A near neighbor, Mrs. A. Dolores, has been in her present house for going on 12 years. Built in 1888, it is to-day far too small, too dark, and too musty for all those who shelter beneath its roof.

"We move, yea?" said Mrs. Dolores in her broken English. "I hope it is better, with more rooms, easier to keep clean."

Mrs. E. Matthews was talking to her about the move when I called.



MRS. L. MURPHY AND EDNA sit in the sun out at the back of the Cooper Street cottage where the Murphy family have fought the rats and damp for the past five years.

Mrs. Matthews lives farther along the street and will have to move, too.

"We live in a cottage," she said. "They say eventually they'll put us into flats. That isn't fair. It means stairs, which I don't like. As well, I wouldn't take kiddies into flats."

"Lilyfield is only temporary, but people who like cottages should be given cottages and not flats."

There are plenty of young Australians bred in Redfern. It's trying to give them a chance to grow up healthy and strong that makes some householders welcome the clearance plan.

Young Mrs. B. King and two-year-old Vivienne were out in the sun on the pavement outside Mrs. King's mother's place.

"Everything here's so old and shabby that we won't know ourselves if we can move into something new," young Mrs. King said.

"Our place is all steps. You go down steps to get in, down steps to the kitchen, and down two more flights of them if you have to go into the yard."

"Sometimes I think I could put up with anything if the places they say they'll build for us only have hot and cold running water and a gas copper."

Dislike flats

OUTSIDE a weatherboard cottage with rusting iron roof in Cooper Street, Edna Jones was nursing the new three-weeks-old Stanners baby.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Stanners were out in the street, too. Family women, they disagreed about the wisdom of the clearance plan.

"Don't think there aren't worse places than this," Mrs. Jones told me. "And you don't have to go far to find them. There are a lot of us in our home, but we've at least got electricity and gas."

"Maybe the houses ought to come down," Mrs. Stanners said, "but for people like us with children give me a cottage with a yard any time. Flats aren't the place for us."

"Though the plans sound all right, you've got to think of the present," Mrs. Jones pointed out.

"I've got a husband and boys at work handy to here. The fares are going to make a difference. You can't get about easily from here; Lilyfield's not so handy."

"Still, I can't help feeling there

must be a better deal for us in the Government's plan to build new modern homes for those of us in this area," she concluded.

There are plenty of young wives at Redfern who haven't had their spirit broken and want nice homes for themselves and children.

The women with families always come back to this. They want sunny playing-space, verandahs whose boards aren't rotten, enamel refrigerators that can be kept spotless with warm water and a cloth. They feel deeply that these are the things needed in the background of their children's lives.

At 60 Young Street, Mrs. L. Murphy was sitting out at the back darning a jumper while Edna, her youngest, played at her feet.

"There are seven in our family, and we've been here for five years paying 22/6 a week rent, fighting the rats and the damp," Mrs. Murphy told me.

"No matter what we do the rats get in. The roofing's terrible. We don't know what we're going to, but if it's new it must be better than this."

But next door, where a daughter and two elderly sisters live with old Mrs. E. Watkins, the feeling is different.

It's the old people who feel the wrench of leaving the neighborhood they have always known.

"We're cosy here," Mrs. Watkins told me. "We've got everything we want, we know our neighbors and the people in the shops."

"We've been here for twenty years; we thought we would be here forever. We even own the place."

"At our age it's a hard thing to have to move. My sister, Mrs. Pearce, was born in this district 33 years ago. It's a terrible thing to us."

The truth is it's frightening to have to pull up your roots when you're elderly.

But to the children, who, coming home from school, talk in high, excited voices about the move, there's a sense of adventure in preparing to go out to the open spaces of Lilyfield.

And many women whose backs ache from climbing steep half-century-old stairs and scrubbing passages grimy with the years find reason to hope for better things in the changes they face now.



CHILDREN like two-year-old Vivienne King are too young to feel any wrench at leaving.



MASS-MOVE IS SAD for the elderly. Over tea Mrs. E. Watkins (centre), her sister, Mrs. M. Pearce, and daughter, Miss C. Watkins, listen to Mr. Pearce telling them how the plan will affect their lives.

THE BLUNTS: Ordeal by visitors

WEEKLY FEATURE

WHOO - HOO!
Visitors I see.
I jumped like
a startled

grasshopper as Penny tipped sedately into the kitchen, his fingers quirked in an elegant fashion, which he says is what ladies do.

"What do you mean, visitors?" I snapped.

"Well, black olives," he said as he ran his nose along the edge of the terrazzo bench.

Really, Penny, you seem to think we have a special diet for visitors.

A sizzling sound announced the addition of Taffy to the company. He was bowling a muddy motor tyre.

"Take that object out of my kitchen!" I howled without turning round.

"It's not all your kitchen, I might tell you, Mrs. Jill, it's half dad's." Penny wagged an admonitory finger at me.

"Oh, scram, you little horror-child. Go away; and wash that disgusting face of yours, then I might be able to bear the sight of you."

"Jinks, I only wanted to help, now I won't." Good-egg, I thought, he's taken umbrage.

"Till help, Jill." Taffy shrieked his enthusiasm, then "Gee! Visitors, whack! Well, there's turkey."

"Taffy, Taffy, Taffy, that is not turkey. It's nothing like turkey."

"Well pig?"

"No."

"I bet I can guess. Three guesses?"

"Clay, you guess while I cook, and leave me alone."

Suddenly Penny let out a puckish peal of laughter. "I bet I know! I bet I know! Orniferinchus!" Taffy joined in the fun with a fanfare of vulgar trumpeting.

"You're a pair of dolts, anyway, say platypus."

OUR COVER

Recent portrait of Princess Elizabeth

On our cover this week is the most recent portrait of Princess Elizabeth. It was painted by Margaret Lindsay Williams, a Welsh artist, by Royal permission and from personal sittings given by the Princess.

MARGARET WILLIAMS describes the symbolic background of her picture as "The things I wish for the Princess."

"The symbolism represents peace, love, and plenty."

"I included the wreath of flowers because when she is Queen I want her crown to be as light as a flower-garland," said the artist.

Miss Williams is well known for her portraits of members of the Royal family, including King George V and Queen Mary, and the present King and Queen.

One of her best-known pictures is the painting of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose when they were children.

In this picture they are wearing frilled orphanie frocks and holding bunches of primroses.

The painting has been reproduced all over the world in the Press and on chocolate boxes.

The original is in the Capetown Art Gallery.

When painting members of the Royal Family Miss Williams likes to limit sittings to a maximum of six. After that number she usually uses a stand-in.

When she was painting Queen

Written and illustrated by
JILL BLUNT

"Then it is?"
"Is what?"
"That lump of meat, it's really platypus!" Taffy breathed, round-eyed.

"Yes, of course it is, we always have it for Visitors."

"Jinks, and I thought it was veal." I opened my mouth like Luna Park, to emit a terrifying bellow of rage, but thought better of it. It was veal. "Here! You chop the parsley."

"No, me."

"No! She said me."

"Before either of you lay a finger on any food, go and wash your revolting paws, and then, Penny, you can sieve the crumbs."

"Aw, why not me?"

With awful precision I stabbed a gherkin through the heart.

"If you don't get out of this kitchen before I count ten I'll clock the pair of you . . . ONE . . .

TWO . . .

Marie! The kitchen was empty! Penny reappeared all scrubbed up for the operation.

"Is he here?" he whispered, sliding his eyes about suspiciously.

"Who?" I said.

"The Visitor. Do we know him? Has he brought some fireworks?"

"He has not arrived, nor do you know him, nor will you even have the opportunity to, and—he will not bring fireworks. Here! The bread! Work in silence."

"Did you know him a long time ago?"

"Penny, you've built all this story up because you saw a black olive, see if you can finish it to your own satisfaction in that dear little wooden skull of your— and LEAVE ME BE."

Just then the front gate whinged (our front gate is disconcertingly near the kitchen, the house being completely back-to-front).

"Here he is!" breathed Penny; but he wasn't—it was Julia.

Julia always pops into places like a rather attractive Jack-in-the-box.



"For a while there was a noisy lull, one got used to the violent sounds . . ."

"Good evening, dear, here are the beans; and forgive me, dear, but I only bought half a pound of mushrooms. Really the price! Exorbitant! Ah! And the little man hard at work I see."

"Hello, darling sweet, we're having Visitors; but he's not here yet; are you staying for dinner?"
"Yes, dear, I am. I suppose you're looking forward to meeting all the charming people."

"Oh, Julia! You are a colossal dillybunny. Don't you know the rules yet?" I groaned.

"Oh, don't tell me I've said the wrong thing, dear? Oh, my goodness, how extremely foolish of me. And where's the other little man?"

"Right by you."
And so he was. Pulling warning faces and cranking up for a hold-up— "Stick 'em up!!!" he yelled, while Julia squealed, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" with her hand to her throat.

"Parley!" I commanded, and the kitchen was filled with a cacophony of sound, Julia beating eggs and prattling in rococo phrases; Taffy slaughtering the parley with murderous abandon; Jobinks and Tober Mory mewing; and Penny's coloratura struggling with a French ditty above an obbligato of pot-a-bubbling.

It reminded me of the Duchess's kitchen, and, like Alice, I wanted to scream. I turned to making straw potatoes as a sort of occupational therapy.

For a while there was a noisy lull; one got used to the violent sounds, as one gets used to a steel foundry functioning nearby. Suddenly Penny stuck on a high C and an olive

stone, and all hands rushed to pound him on the back.

"Jill," he spluttered. "This Visitor, does he care for children? Because I was just thinking, he—up—might like to—um—see us . . . Well, some people like children; you do, don't you, Julia?"

"Listen, Penny, this Visitor you're so crazy to meet has four heads and eight feet, and he loathes and detests children."

"Jeepers, Jill, you're pulling our leg," scoffed Taffy, "or else he's Siamese twins."

"Or a man centipede." Here Penny snickered. "Hehehehe! How's he get his clothes on?"

For a while the boys conjectured hysterically about our curious guest's curiousest habits, until they laughed themselves into tears.

"Wet's hees name? Offencrompulus? How do you do, Mister Offencrompulus? Will you have four bowls of may bee-ootiful soup? . . . Would have four bowls all at once?"

With this outburst of devastating wit, Taffy decided the joke had been squeezed dry, and fell silent, although Penny was rolling on his back on the floor, suffocated by giggles.

"Jill, but, really, I'm jest curious about this fellow—it isn't Uncle Edward, is it?" he asked hopefully, because Uncle Edward comes bearing gifts. "No, Taffy; his name is Henry-Judy-Ralph-Wilfred . . ."

"Aw, gee, you jest been trickin' us. We know all of them, except Wilfred." Here a giggle bubbled: "Wot a mad name, ho, ho, ho."

"No madder than Taffy, I think."

"Ha! But my name's not Taffy, really."

"Enough of this—you can set the table. No, not the cloth with the tough hembres on it . . . mats, child mats . . . yes, and candles."

"Whce-ee la-di-da. Will you have another piece of platypus carasole, Mistah Weelfrid?" Then Penny did me being a stylish hostess, while Taffy sat in the potato basket and howled with glee.

"This," I said to Julia, "is why these smart guys must be got to bed at all costs before the invasion. Will you feed them till they're bursting with everything they want? Never mind diet to-night."

The dear little men wanted to set the table. For this they donned aprons, and minced back and forth, saying:

"Oui, Mooshoo, you weel sith ere, Meester Weelfrid? Is he a Frenchman, Jill?"

The table was beautifully laid. It was Julia who discovered the naked loaf of stale bread and the bottle of ink skulking behind the fruit department.

When I reproached Penny for this breach of table etiquette he said, "Oh me, Oh my! That's my scientific eggrudity again."

We still don't know what he meant.

We fed the little dears full well, and buried them giggling to bed just as the wheezing gate warned us of approaching Visitors.

I know that during the evening I called Wilfred Monsieur, and blushed—then, to my horror, giggled.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

Page 39

Stroke grey streaks away with Hillcastle Hair Pencil — 7 colours — long lasting. All chemists, hairdressers, and stores.

Ambitious film project by Australians

By M. A. BECKINGSALE

Determination and initiative of two Sydney men have at last resulted in the fulfilment of their ambition of many years — a well-equipped film studio, with 100 per cent. Australian-made equipment.

George Hughes and Stan Tolhurst both are well known in the film industry here. They have taken part in the production, direction, and acting of many local films, and now they have registered their company under the name of Ace Films Pty. Ltd. with equipment valued at more than £10,000.

Third partner in the venture is Gordon P. Adams.

A DREAM began to become a reality about three years ago, when George and Stan were released from the Services. They had been partners for twelve years and just before the war had made two documentary films under the title of "This Place Australia."

Both were photographed by the late Damien Parer and were written round the poems of Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson, which were spoken by Charles Cousens.

The films were shown in Australia, New Zealand, and England, but the war ended production.

In 1945 the two began again. In the basement of George's Annandale home they planned the building of sound cameras and recording apparatus.

"At that time cameras and recorders were unobtainable, and the only way we could get them was the hard way—by building them ourselves."

"The main difficulty was to obtain lenses. We bought a small hand camera just for its lens and adapted it to suit the requirements of a sound camera. The design and building took months, but eventually we had our camera valued at nearly £2000," said George.

To make it possible financially for the partners to continue, Stan took up acting again and went into the cast of Ralph Smart's successful film "Bush Christmas." He also acted as production manager for that film. Six months went by.

"I had recorder machine plans drawn for years and went ahead with them. By trial and error we finally managed to overcome the difficulties we experienced in our experiments and the sound recorder was complete," George went on.

Valuable machines

"THIS machine has been valued at approximately £4000."

With camera and recorder completed, the partnership then built a microphone boom, a camera dolly, a free-head tripod, and a camera blimp.

Next came the 24 1000-watt spotlights, six 2000-watt spotlights, and numerous other fittings.

A synchronising table, where the film is cut and edited, was the final equipment job. It has a moviola head and four synchronising sprockets with take-ups.

All this took two-and-a-half years. This valuable gear still lay in the basement of George's home while the search for a studio became concentrated.

About September, 1946, George Hughes was passing the old hall of St. John's Church, in St. John's Road, Glebe. It had been used as a soldiers' hostel during the war, and on that day ration cards were being issued there.

The indefatigable George saw over the building, then interviewed the Rev. Dryland, minister of the church.

"Mr. Dryland was most helpful and explained our proposition to the church wardens, who, in turn, recommended to the Archbishop of Sydney (Dr. Mowll) that we be given a lease of the building as a film studio," said George.

"With Gordon Adams as our third partner, we registered the name of

our company as Ace Films, which is short for Australian Cinema Entertainment Co.

"The job of turning that old hall into a modern studio seemed impossible. It had been built to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria and is called Record Reign Hall (a plaque on the outside of the building still remains there)."

"We got together a small staff—Charles Jones as sound recorder, Dinny Fay as art director, and Val Barden as make-up girl—and the lot of us went to work with paint and scrubbing-brushes to make our studio habitable."

"We painted the whole building cream and sound-proofed the main studio to make it acoustically correct for sound production. Then we fixed the recording-room."

"Next to the main studio we arranged the dressing-rooms with showers, the art department, the

Film Reviews

★★★★ DEAR RUTH

SPLENDIDLY cast by Paramount, there's loads of good honest amusement in this comedy, in spite of its wartime setting.

Joan Caulfield and William Holden are the stars, but top honors go without doubt to Edward Arnold for a rich and gorgeous portrayal of a family man, to Billy De Wolf as a disappointed suitor, and to Mona Freeman as a teen-age brat who needs a thorough spanking.

Taken from the stage play, the plot is only mildly dated. Mona Freeman is youngster Miriam, whose adolescent ideas about the raising of world morale lead her to writing to an unknown soldier and signing the name of her elder sister (Joan Caulfield).

Trouble sets in when the gallant G.I., handled well by William Holden, returns from the war with some ideas of his own.

Edward Arnold is the father of the two girls and he rarely has done a better job.

A clever script never lets the comedy get out of hand and it is a pleasant break among the recent mark of mediocre comedy releases. —Prince Edward; showing.

★★★ THE GUILT OF JANET AMES

MELVYN DOUGLAS and Rosalind Russell are the top names in Columbia's psychological drama which just fails to be listed as outstanding, due to the muddled handling of some of the fantasy in the situations.

Miss Russell has a role which calls for all her ability, but she has been seen to better advantage. The widow of a soldier whose death in action was caused by his throwing himself on an exploding grenade to save five other men becomes a psychological case following a street accident. A newspaper man who ordered the soldier to cover the grenade has a guilt complex and is attempting to drown it in drink.

He is brought to the hospital to see Janet Ames, and together they work out the reasons for their par-

projection-room, the general work-room, and a canteen.

"Upstairs we fitted the business offices, with a special one for any independent producer who wishes to hire the studio, and set the cutting and editing machine in its own room."

Blue inlaid linoleum covers all the floors, gay curtains have been hung in the offices, and finally Ace Films began work.

In its early stages the company proposes to make advertising and documentary films, but facilities are available for the production of feature films also.

Several shorts already are in production.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

ticular mental ills by reconstructing in fantasy the lives of the other men concerned in the grenade incident. Melvyn Douglas is sufficiently lifelike to give credence to his role.

Best of the remaining cast is Sid Caesar—Lyceum; showing.

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE

IT is impossible to take Universal's ludicrous musical seriously. This technicolor job purports to relate the events of a week in the life of Russian composer Rimsky-Korsakoff during a visit to Spanish Morocco in 1885, and is enough to make that musician's ghost haunt the studio for ever.

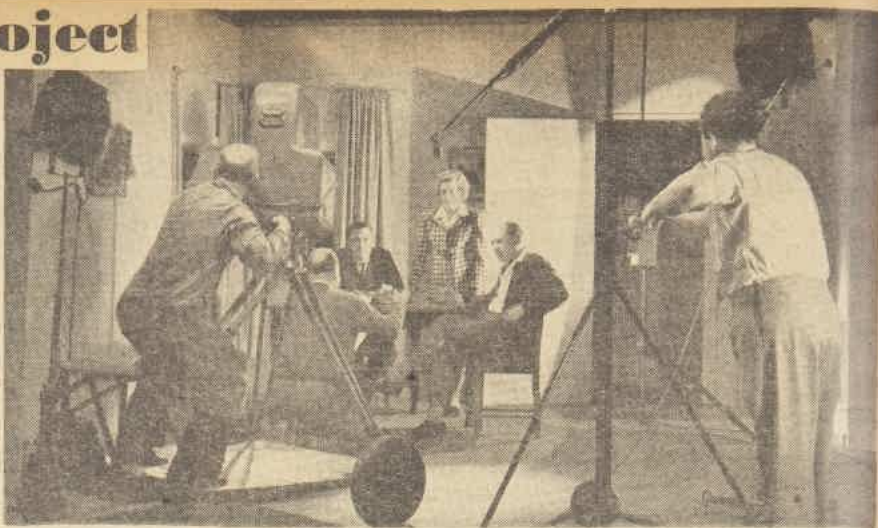
Jean Pierre Aumont, Brian Donlevy, and Yvonne De Carlo are the stars, with Aumont playing the role of Rimsky-Korsakoff, a sort of Russian playboy of the 1880's.

Some of the composer's best-known music has been bundled in with the absurd plot. The best performance is that of singer Charles Kullman. Miss De Carlo as a Spanish enchantress dances to several Rimsky-Korsakoff melodies for which he cannot be blamed.

Eve Arden, capable usually, has the silliest role of the lot as Miss De Carlo's mother, as she delivers her lines with all the sickiness of a modern comedienne.—State; showing.

Because of a sudden rearrangement of schedules at the Capitol Theatre the screening of "Bulldog Drummond at Bay," starring Ron Randall (Columbia), has been postponed indefinitely. Last week's review was taken from a private screening.

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ACE FILMS, a new Sydney company, begins production of a short film at their studio at Glebe. Director George Hughes (kneeling) and his staff rehearse a scene from an advertising film, for which they will use equipment built entirely in Australia.

British actors prefer their own country

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in England

REX HARRISON and David Niven, who have recently arrived in England from America, do not intend to renew their Hollywood contracts when they expire.

Rex hopes to make "The Scarlet Pimpernel" for Sir Alexander Korda soon, and until his Hollywood contract runs out in three years he will spend six months of each year in England and six in America, before finally settling in England with his wife, Lilli Palmer, and their son Cory.

David Niven, who has still two and a half years to go with his Hollywood contract, says that the star salaries of Hollywood may sound a lot, but they are worth only about a third of similar sums in Britain.

Apart from that David says there isn't much difference between being a film star in America and in England. You can't keep any money in either country.

ANNE CRAWFORD was the star and the Cinderella of this week. She arrived looking her glamorous best for the premiere of her latest starring film, "The Master of Bankdam," and was applauded by a glittering first-night audience for the best performance of her career. There was no culminating party and no champagne toasts for Anne, as well before midnight a car took her to the studio, where inside half an hour she was in grimy rags and her face all smudged for a special

fire scene for her next film, "Daughter of Darkness."

AS Dallow, tough assistant to a razor-gang leader in "Brighton Rock," screen gangster William Hartnell has to wield a cut-throat razor in grand Sweeney Todd manner.

He detests razors, and fears them. In a faint whisper he will tell you of his aunt, who presented him with the smartest in ivory cut-throats for his birthday, and how it took him exactly ten seconds to hand it on to the milkman at the door.

ANNA NEAGLE leads the school of feminine thought which is against the introduction of longer skirts in Britain. Says patriotic Anna, "The prewar seasonal change of fashion was needed to keep the dressmaking industry alive. British fashions are capable of expressing freshness and change by means of clever cut and design."



HEDY LAMARR considers some of the hats created for her by milliner Walter Florell (right) for her role in the United Artists release "Dis-honored Lady." Her former husband, John Loder, whom she divorced a few weeks ago, is offering advice. He has a role in the film.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

Buy Mergolized Wax from your chemist or Store.

It will beautify YOUR complexion.

Young film stars . . .



JANE POWELL, 17-year-old MGM singing star, will make her next appearance in Australia in "The Birds and the Bees," with Jeanette MacDonald and pianist Jose Iturbi.



ANN BLYTH, who is under contract to Universal International, will be seen in "Time Out of Mind," which stars English actress Phyllis Calvert and Robert Hutton.



DONNA REED came from a farm in Iowa. She was chosen to co-star with James Stewart in the current Capra production "It's a Wonderful Life," a modern comedy-drama.



JUNE ALLYSON has been an MGM star for some years, and has been selected to play the leading role in a film version of "The Belle of New York," the old-time favorite.

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REALLY MAKE SKIN
LOVELIER!

says
Phyllis Calvert
Universal-
International star in
"TIME OUT OF MIND"

HOLLYWOOD envied petite Phyllis Calvert's lovely English rose complexion. And her beauty secret? Just active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap. Try her favourite skin care yourself! Pat in Lux Toilet Soap's active-lather, rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Tests prove 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a short time with this simple care.

The Bath and
Complexion Care
of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

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For Coughs and Colds, never fails.

LIFE IS FULL OF KICKS

and ha'pence,
Still, a man may smile
Even when misfortune hits him,
As it must awhile.
Balanced up, a man is happy
When his health's secure
Next time you've a cold, old chappie,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for
Girls who Suffer
Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Acterin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



1 IN DESERT TOWN, gambler Eddie Bendix (John Hodiak) and Paula Haller (Lizabeth Scott) meet at casino owned by Paula's mother, powerful, wealthy Fritz (Mary Astor).



2 HOPING FOR MARRIAGE between Paula and deputy-sheriff Tom Hanson (Burt Lancaster), who loves her, Fritz encourages them to meet.



3 DUAL OPPOSITION to Paula's infatuation with Eddie comes from Fritz and Eddie's partner, Johnny Ryan (Wendell Cory), who tells Fritz their past history.



4 PROTECTING HER DAUGHTER, Fritz tells Paula she must not leave house while Eddie is in town.

DESERT FURY . . . TECHNICOLOR THRILLER

FILMED in technicolor, with beautiful western backgrounds, this adaptation of a novel by Ramona Stewart has been produced by Hal B. Wallis.

Burt Lancaster, who made a spectacular film debut in Universal's "The Killers," has a sympathetic role in this Paramount film, in which he plays opposite Lizabeth Scott.

Wendell Cory, of the New York stage, was selected to make his first screen appearance in "Desert Fury," as the partner of a gambler John Hodiak.

As a result of his fine performance he has been cast for starring roles in several forthcoming productions.

Dress-designer Edith Head provided unusually lavish wardrobes for glamorous Lizabeth Scott and Mary Astor.



5 DISOBEYING ORDERS, Paula meets Eddie in deserted ranch house and he pretends he will give up racketeering and remain in town to marry her. She thinks that he has been forced to join in crimes planned by Johnny.



6 AGREEING TO ELOPE, Paula has no idea that Eddie is suspected of murdering his former wife, Angela.



7 ON JOURNEY TO CITY, Paula and Eddie are overtaken by Johnny, who tells her the true story of Eddie's gangster career. Paula tries to run away, and Eddie attempts to wreck her car.



8 RESCUED BY TOM, after Eddie and Johnny are killed, Paula realises escape she has had from being murdered in the same way as Angela.

Paris styles copied here at budget prices

● Here are four smart outdoor outfits from Paris.

● Mrs. Mary Hordern selected them in Paris because they are so suitable for Australian summer wear.

● Adelyn frock manufacturers have reproduced them and you can buy them at all leading stores in all States for prices ranging from £3/10/-.

or

● You can get a pattern from our Fashion Pattern Department, address on page 32. Ask for "Mary Hordern Paris Fashion Pattern," and quote the number given here and your size.



CHRISTIAN DIOR'S grey-and-white striped casual skirt with hat is worn by Maggy Saragne with a green sweater. To order pattern, ask for **F4846**. Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 7½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 3/6.



F4847



JEAN DESSES' four-piece beach ensemble is worn by Janine Lequeuvre. To order fashion pattern ask for **F4847**. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. wide white; 1yd. 36in. wide violet; and ½yd. 36in. wide green. Pattern, 3/6.



F4848.



CHRISTIAN DIOR'S blue-and-white check playfrock is worn by Maggy Saragne. To order fashion pattern ask for **F4848**. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 3/6.



F4849

PAQUIN'S playsuit and skirt are worn by Suzanne Cambe. To order fashion pattern ask for **F4849**. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide for skirt and 3yds. 36in. wide for suit. Pattern, 3/6.





"SPRING O' THE YEAR" SKIN TROUBLE BANISHED BY ZAM-BUK

Spring is a time when your skin needs the soothing, clearing influence of Zam-Buk to banish rough patches, blotches, pimples and other blemishes.

The refined medicinal oils penetrate through the pores deep into the tissues. Zam-Buk clears out pore-clogging impurities and brings back the natural suppleness to the roughest skin.

Soothing, purifying and healing, Zam-Buk quickly clears up blemishes and restores the skin to normal healthiness.

Zam-Buk is also ideal for rough, red hands, sore, aching feet and as a first aid dressing for cuts, grazes, burns, bruises, etc.

Zam-Buk

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Box of 20 Powders — 1/6

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A NEW TYPE of love seat, exhibited recently in America. Upholstered in a magenta boucle with recessed base covered in a narrow-striped boucle of the same magenta tone, the love seat is unusual because of the cantilevered overhang at each end.

CARNATIONS . . . fragrant and beautiful

● Few garden flowers do better throughout Australia than carnations. They simply revel in our mild climate.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

ALL the carnation asks for is an open, sunny position, well away from fences or trees that throw shade, and exceptionally good drainage.

Low-lying, cold or wet soil causes carnations to develop root-rot diseases.

Yet any soil with a little preparation will suit this lovely plant. If very sandy, add a little lime and cow manure, and, if possible, add some clay.

Sand alone is not suitable, as it rarely contains enough plant-food to nourish the plants. If preparing heavy soil, a good liming is necessary first of all to sweeten the ground. Then add some sand or grit, wood ashes or ash from the garden fire, well-rotted horse manure and leaves, dig over and mix well.

Do not make the soil too rich, as the plants do not respond to over-feeding. And a final word, make a thorough test to see that the water goes through the soil and disperses quickly. If it holds the water a long time, your drainage will still be faulty. The addition of more sand, leaf-mould, and other porous material will then be found helpful.

The plants can be set out at almost any time of the year, except during the very fiercest months of summer. Yet if more than ordinary care is displayed, they can be set out between February and May for the best quality spring blooms. It is best, however, to set the plants out after good rain in summer, and to shade them well for several days until they have become re-established.

Firm the soil round the plants well with the fingers, and leave the crown of the plant about an inch or a trifle more above the surface. Plants should be spaced 15in. to 24in. apart.

They dislike pampering, but they also soon show



EASY TO GROW, lovely to look at, highly perfumed and one of the simplest of all flowers to arrange—the carnation stands supreme.

distress if neglected. It is necessary to attend to the watering summer and winter, if the weather remains dry, but never keep the plants constantly saturated with water, or root rot will soon kill them.

If the plants have buds on them when bought from the nursery, pinch these out before transplanting. All tall "grass" on new plants should also be shortened a trifle before being set out.

For the production of good quality winter blooms, plants are usually set out from September to November. They should be well watered during hot periods, and will throw flowering stems from February to March. These have to be stopped, however, by pinching out until about the middle of April, when they can be allowed to mature.

Popular baby- carrier

MOTHERS who have bought The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier are enthusiastic about it.

Matron Shaw, of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, N.S.W., who has tested the carrier, considers it a comfortable support for the baby and a help to the mother.

"A baby up to five months old," says Matron Shaw, "should be kept in a recumbent, not sitting-up, position. It's dangerous to prop infants up to a sitting position before they are six months."

"The Australian Women's Weekly carrier gives the proper restful support to the infant's back, besides benefit and help to the mother when she most needs it."

This new carrier is strongly made of webbing and yet weighs only about 4oz. It is available with plastic seat in off-white or grey for 15/6.

You can get the baby-carrier from



"THE CARRIER was a wise buy, I'm not at all nervous now getting on and off trams and buses with baby," says Mrs. L. M. Cochrane, of Aubin St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W., photographed above with her six-weeks-old babe, Margaret Joan, in The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier.

the Pattern Department of The Australian Women's Weekly in your own State or you can order the carrier by post. Add 3d for postage. See address page 9.

HEALTH RULES FOR MOTHERS

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

MOST expectant mothers can anticipate good health in the period before their baby is born if they follow some simple rules.

Comfort can be increased and general health promoted if minor disturbances which can happen are relieved.

A leaflet describing these discomforts and suggesting simple treatment may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.—Expectant mothers can also avail themselves of the free service offered to those who can visit our pre-natal rooms at the above address. Hours for demonstrations and lectures are every day from Monday to Friday, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.



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Your skin . . . hair . . . clothes may all reflect your care, but unless your breath also is above reproach your charm is spoiled. Don't gamble, make sure that your breath is pure and fragrant by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and before meeting others. Listerine makes your breath sweet and KEEPS it sweet.

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If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged—if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him Condition Powder BARKO. Condition 1/6 All Chemists Powders.

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For Beauty!
"Coverspot"
Conceals Blemishes

Exotic colors in hair show styles



NIGHT-BLACK
HAIR-DO with an old-world look is built on bias pompadour lines and ends in wavy crown curls. From Norman Flohm salon.

CYCLAMEN COIFFURE with back interest. Two elongated rolls are a feature of this exotic hair-fix from the Watkins salon.

By **CAROLYN EARLE**, Our Beauty Expert

HAIR in shades of guinea-gold, platinum-blond, night-black, and cyclamen-pink was used by clever designers to fashion these hair-styles selected from recent Australia-wide professional contests.

It appears to be an open season, too, for gleam and glamor in hair ornaments. There are hand-painted motifs, color flashes, sequins, and scattered gold-dust for those who want something "different."

Experts favor the angled or off-to-one-side look, either on the head top, at the side, or back. There is also the crisp trimness that comes with short, tailored lines.



STUDY IN PLATINUM designed for a special occasion. Backed-down sides end in large sculptured curls. From the de Lorenzo salon.



GUINEA-GOLD is the color chosen by Julien Simonet for this summer hair-do that is short all round with one slanting wave.

Folic acid for anaemia

By **MEDICO**

"I SEEM to be losing my punch," complained John S., this morning.

"How long has this been going on?" I asked.

"It's hard to say when it started, but every day I find I have to drive myself more and more."

"You are anaemic," I told him, after asking him some more questions, "but the first step in the treatment of your anaemia is to have your blood examined by a pathologist. We must know what type of anaemia you have developed."

The next time John S. came to see me I had the pathologist's report, which showed that the red blood cells were larger than they should be.

"There's a newly discovered vitamin called folic acid which I'm going to prescribe for you. This will help you back to health," I told him.

"Do I take it in my tea or does it have to be injected?" he asked.

"You take a very small tablet three times a day," I told him.

Besides what is now wrongly called pernicious anaemia (because it is no longer fatal and can now be cured), folic acid will cure the anaemia of sprue, a tropical disease which occurs in Queensland, and one form of anaemia in pregnancy.

The most common form of anaemia results from a deficiency of protein (found in milk, meat, eggs, and cheese), and iron (found in liver, wheatmeal bread, and colored vegetables).

Housewives who try to live on tea and toast, cakes, and biscuits are the chief sufferers from this common form of anaemia.

Folic acid will not help them—they need the milkman, the butcher, and the greengrocer.

(All names in these articles are fictitious.)



Leave it to your Berlei Foundation to give you that smooth, well-proportioned line that brings you compliments from admiring eyes. Leave it to your Berlei, too, to give you that gentle support so essential to your health and vitality.

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8.13.46

Here's a REAL help

FOR

ACID STOMACH



If you suffer after eating—heartburn, pain, discomfort, or any sign of acid stomach (hyperacidity)—the only kind of help you want is RELIEF. Prompt relief from pain and distress, such as De Witt's Antacid Powder provides, is indeed REAL help. And you get it so quickly because, amongst other fine ingredients, De Witt's Antacid Powder contains one of the fastest acid neutralisers available. That's why even a single dose often gives complete relief.

But real help means more than just neutralising acid and relieving pain. It means soothing and protecting the inflamed lining of the stomach, so that the next meal will not be an added burden to an over-taxed digestive system. Thus, food

is properly digested, the strain is relieved, and the pain is taken out of eating. Then Mother Nature, the greatest of all healers, has a chance to do her own good work. That's half the secret of De Witt's Antacid Powder's success.

So, if your meals are followed by pain, if you are distressed by heartburn or a sour uncomfortable feeling after eating, turn to De Witt's Antacid Powder and obtain REAL relief. Try this wonderfully effective remedy without delay and eat and enjoy your meals without having to "pay for it" afterwards. Get a tin to-day and see how much better you feel—after the first dose.

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Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain



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Career Girl tells all...

COMPETITION IS KEEN IN MY JOB SO I TAKE NO CHANCES WITH DULL HAIR. I USE INECTO RAPID HAIR COLOURING. IT RETAINS THE YOUTHFUL VITAL LOOK THAT'S SO IMPORTANT TO WOMEN IN BUSINESS.



This is the accepted way to recolor dull or gray hair. When used as directed is perfectly harmless—consult your hairdresser or buy from chemists.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE
ARE USING...

INECTO

RAPID HAIR COLOURING

● Jellied salads with appropriate dressings are as welcome as the spring itself after long weeks of cold-weather menus.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

EVERY ingredient of a salad should be cool, crisp, and fresh.

Color is important, but flavor must not be overlooked. Salads must satisfy the palate as well as the eye.

Whether you choose one large platter as pictured on this page, or prefer to arrange individual salad plates, blend colors carefully and give the same attention to flavor.

Jellied salads of vegetables or fruits or a combination of both need dressings of the mayonnaise type.

Lemon juice may be used in place of vinegar in any dressing. It brings out the flavor of all the other ingredients without dominating them.

As well it imparts a tang that has a stimulating effect on the appetite and aids digestion.

Salads made with lemon juice or vinegar take more gelatine to set them to a light, quivering jelly, and this is provided for in the recipes given.

Follow directions carefully, measure accurately, and resist the urge to add "an extra pinch for luck" when measuring the gelatine.

TOMATO JELLY RING

(See colored photograph.)

Two cups tomato juice, 2 cups water (or meat or vegetable stock), 2 slices onion, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, red coloring, 2 rounded dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup finely diced celery, 2 or 3 diced shallots, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups potato salad, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red capsicum, sliced cucumber, curled celery.

Simmer tomato juice, water, sliced onion, salt, and cloves for 10 minutes; strain. Add a little red coloring. Stir in gelatine dissolved in some of the hot liquid, add lemon juice. Set a thin layer of the cooled jelly in the rim of a wetted recess tin. Arrange a pattern of shallot and sliced hard-boiled eggs. Add a little more jelly and allow to set. When balance of jelly is beginning to thicken fold in diced celery. Fill into prepared mould, chill until set. Unmould on to serving dish, pile potato salad mixed with capsicum into recess. Garnish with sliced cucumber and celery curls. Serve alone or with sliced cold meat.

CHEESE ROLLS

(Good with any salad.)

Three ounces flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons grated dry cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water, squeeze of lemon juice.

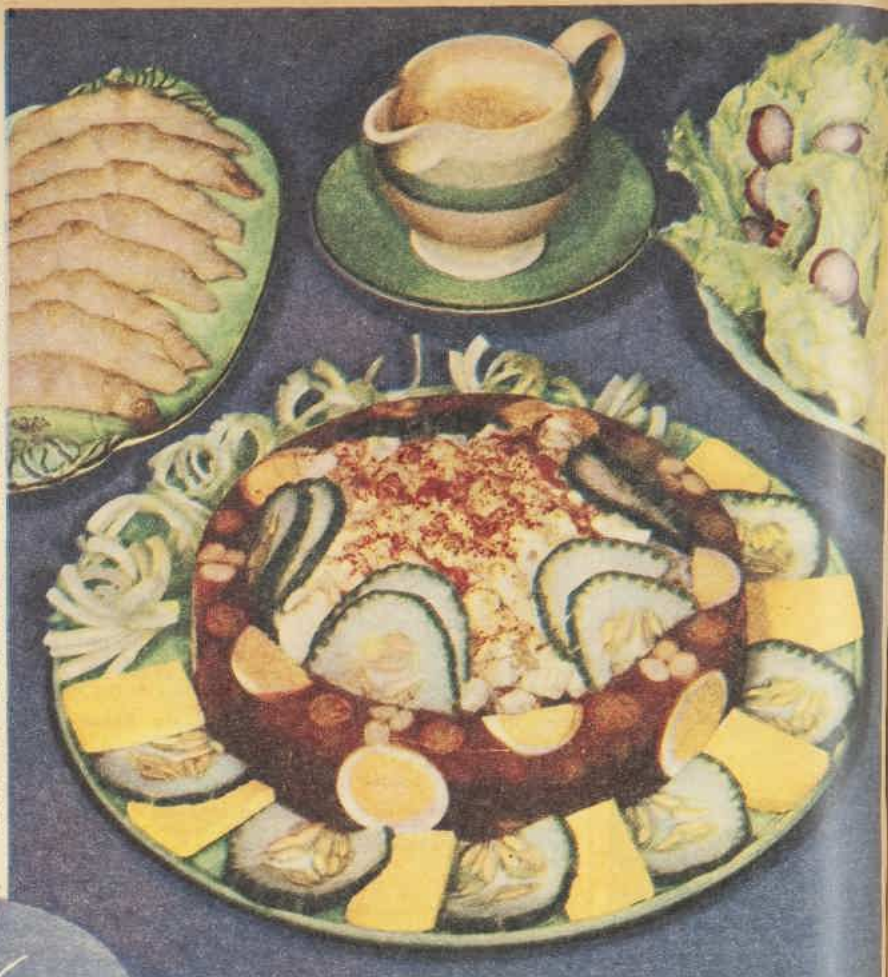
Sift flour, salt, and cayenne, rub in margarine or butter, add cheese. Mix to a firm, dry dough with beaten egg-yolk, water, and lemon juice. Turn on to lightly floured board, roll very thinly. Cut into large triangles—base about 3in. Roll up from base to point, moisten point and press firmly on to roll. Mould to crescent shape. Brush with milk, place on greased oven tray, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tin.

RAW VEGETABLE SALAD

(Chockful of those so-important minerals and vitamins.)

Four or five well-washed young spinach leaves, 2 or 3 well-washed cabbage leaves, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 small spring onion or 2 or 3 shallots, 1 stick celery, 2 radishes, mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, salt and cayenne to taste.

Shred spinach and cabbage leaves very finely or put through mincer. Mix with grated carrot and parsnip, add finely diced onion, celery, radishes. Bind or toss lightly with mayonnaise, season with salt and pepper. Chill before serving piled into lettuce cups.



ABOVE: Colorful tomato jelly ring, bordered with celery, shallot, and radish, and piled high with potato salad, makes a fine centerpiece for your table. (Below) For luncheon: Diced cold meat mixed with cubed cooked carrot, filled into lettuce-cups, and arranged on a platter with peeled pear-halves dusted with chopped parsley, garnished with berry tomatoes, tomato wedges, or radish roses.



SPICED JELLIED BEETROOT

(Set in one large or five or six small individual moulds.)

One cup cubed cooked beetroot, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 pint vegetable stock, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 cloves, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup diced green apple, 1 teaspoon grated onion or onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon vinegar.

Place stock, lemon juice, cloves, and sugar into saucepan, bring to boil. Cool and strain. Add gelatine dissolved in the hot water, beetroot, apple, onion, salt, and vinegar. A little red coloring may be added if liked. When beginning to thicken fill into wetted moulds (or one large mould), chill until firm. Unmould and serve with cold meat or any green salad.

JELLIED HERRINGS IN TOMATO SAUCE

(Try this next time you have a tin of herrings.)

One tin of herrings in tomato sauce, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup tomato juice, sauce from herrings, 1 cup water, pinch cayenne, salt to taste.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water; add vinegar, tomato juice, sauce from herrings, water, cayenne and salt to taste. When cool and beginning to thicken, fold in herrings broken into pieces. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould, serve with rolled brown bread and butter and salad vegetables. May also be set in individual moulds, one for each person.

SPRING LAMB SALAD CUTLETS

(Garnish with sliced spring onions and shredded lettuce.)

Trim cooked cold cutlets neatly, removing some of the fat. Brush with mint sauce or lemon juice. Dissolve 1 level teaspoon gelatine in ½ cup salad dressing or white

sauce seasoned with salt, pepper, mustard, and lemon juice. When beginning to thicken spoon over each cutlet on a large flat dish. Allow to become cold and set. Trim edges, serve on lettuce leaves, and garnish with grated carrot, sliced spring onions, shredded lettuce, and diced or curled celery.

GLAZED LAMB SLICES

(Serve with salad or with creamed potatoes and hot greens.)

Cut cooked rolled shoulder of lamb into slices about ¼in. thick. Make a glaze: Mix 1 level teaspoon gelatine into 2 tablespoons heated mint sauce or currant jelly. When gelatine is dissolved add 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon vinegar, celery, salt and pepper to taste. When beginning to thicken brush thickly over each slice of lamb. Sprinkle with finely chopped chives or shallot. Allow to set before serving.

SAVORY STUFFED TOMATOES

(Any one of your favorite savory fillings may be used in place of the one suggested here.)

Five or six firm, medium-sized tomatoes, 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, 4 or 5 tablespoons finely minced luncheon sausage, 1 chopped gherkin, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 finely minced shallot, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Cut a slice from the top of each washed and dried tomato. Scoop pulp carefully with a teaspoon. Dust cases lightly with salt and pepper. Combine all other ingredients (except cheese), add 1 or 2 tablespoons tomato pulp. Fill into tomato cases, top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with hot greens or allow to become well chilled and serve with salad.





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LEFT-OVER MEAT, seasoned well, mixed with breadcrumbs and bound with beaten egg, fills cabbage rolls. Partially cook cabbage-leaves, place a little of the mixture in the centre of each and roll up. Bake on a greased slide in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes.

Four prize recipes...

● Eggs and mushrooms are the chief ingredients of a delicious casserole which wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

PEANUT BUTTER used in pastry as a substitute for margarine or butter makes an ideal nourishing crust for a sausage and vegetable pie, and makes a delicacy of humble sausage-meat.

EGGS SUPREME WITH MUSHROOMS

Half-pound mushrooms, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 thin slices peeled onion, 3 level tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 1 cup well-flavored stock, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon finely diced cooked celery, 3 or 4 eggs, grated cheese.

Wash, peel, and slice mushrooms and saute in hot margarine or butter for 4 or 5 minutes. Remove mushrooms from pan. Fry onion lightly. Add flour, salt and pepper, and cook for 1 or 2 minutes. Add stock and milk and stir till boiling and thickened. Add parsley and celery and mushrooms. Pour into greased shallow overware dish. Make 3 or 4 hollows in top and break an egg into each one. Sprinkle each egg with salt, pepper, and grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes till eggs are set. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Clayton, c/o 457B Little Collins St., Melbourne C.I.

SAVORY SAUSAGE PIE

Filling: One pound sausage-meat, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, pinch dried herbs, 1 cup cooked haricot beans, 1 cup cooked diced vegetables, 2 bacon rashers, 1 cup brown vegetable sauce or stock.

Peanut Butter Crust: Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 level tablespoons peanut butter, small 1 cup milk.

Prepare Filling: Place sausage-

meat in saucepan with salt, pepper, and herbs, and cook gently over low heat till meat changes color. Line bottom of greased overware dish with sausage-meat. Cover with beans and diced vegetables and finely diced bacon. Pour over sauce or stock.

Prepare Pastry: Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in peanut butter and mix to dry dough with milk. Turn on to floured board. Knead lightly. Roll thinly. Cover meat and vegetables with crust. Glaze with milk. Bake in moderately hot oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide

SAVORY CHEESE SPREAD

Three-quarters of a pound well-matured cheese, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch cayenne.

Grate cheese finely. Add sauces, salt and pepper, mixing to smooth paste. Place in glass jar for 24 hours. May be spread on dry biscuits or toast. Makes an ideal spread for savories.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Errac, c/o Mrs. A. A. Stobie, 79 Red Bluff St., Black Rock, Vic.

VEGETABLE CHEESE RING

One dessertspoon shortening, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 11 cups milk, 3 level dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup tomato purer, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 cup cold cooked peas, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 cup cooked diced carrot.

Melt shortening. Add flour and salt and pepper. Cook 1 or 2 minutes. Add milk, stirring until it boils and thickens. Cool. Add tomato purer. Soften gelatine in cold water. Stand over boiling water till dissolved. Cool slightly, then add to white sauce. Set a thin layer of sauce in bottom of wetted mould. Allow to become firm. Cover with peas. Add the cheese and onion to sauce and pour over peas. Leave till set. Place a layer of carrots on top and cover with sauce. Chill. Top with diced celery and pour over remainder of sauce. Chill until firm. Unmould and serve with lettuce leaves.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Lily Harrison, 62 Pine St., North Sydney, N.S.W.



CHEESE
bubble bread: Rub 1oz. shortening into 3oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper. Add 1oz. grated cheese. Mix to fairly dry dough with little milk. Roll very thinly till transparent. Cut in lengths as shown above. Place on buttered slide. Bake in hot oven 6 to 8 minutes.



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would suit your
complexion'



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